The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

JULY

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Rita Hayworth

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND!

"MR. RITA HAYWORTH" TELLS

GINGER ROGERS' New Film "TOM, DICK AND HARRY" Fictionized

THEIR LOVE BURNED ALL THE BRIGHTER—BECAUSE IT FLAMED IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH!



TYRONE POWER

...as Juan, the matador of
Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

BLOOD *and* SAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with

LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** • ***Directed by*** **ROUBEN MAMOULIAN**

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Every busy morning— Every dancing night



guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!





Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it isn't left in the car or bus on your hurried way to the office? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn't wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—*underarm odor* can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of *underarm odor* to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm . . . and you're through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won't irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, *Mum prevents underarm odor.* With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening.* Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose, too.

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

● M-G-M's GREAT OUTDOOR THRILL-DRAMA...

● BIGGEST SINCE FAMED "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"

ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)







ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)

with BRIAN DONLEVY • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.

Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

JUN -5 1941

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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Cover Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia Pictures

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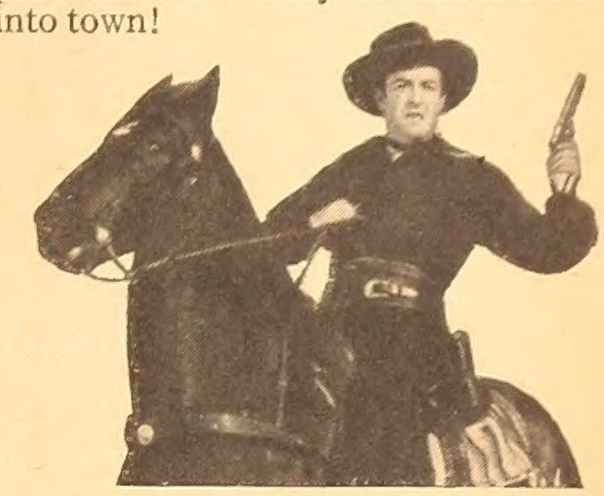
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!



His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

★ ★ ★ ★

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

★ ★ ★ ★

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

★ ★ ★ ★

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northerns" with their relentless man-getters, your "Southerns" with their crinoline coyness—

★ ★ ★ ★

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

★ ★ ★ ★

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

★ ★ ★ ★

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another big hit from

Leo The Kid



Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

ARCHDUKE OTTO of Hapsburg saw Hollywood and Hollywood knocked itself out to see the Archduke. He was wined and dined. He visited famous homes and saw all the local spots of interest. When he made the rounds of the studios, he only asked for one autograph—Ann Sheridan's.

CAROLE LANDIS was *not* trying to revive the Shimmy while dancing with art director Cedric Gibbons at Ciro's. On the shoulder strap of her low cut gown, the blonde blitzkreig was wearing one of those tiny vases that hold real water and keep a flower alive. Somehow the bottle tipped and the little drops of water trickled merrily down la Landis' bountiful bosom!

THAT Stirling Hayden-Errol Flynn feud is the answer to a press agent's dream. The two met for the first time when Stirling called for Karen Verne, the European actress who actually escaped from the Nazis. Errol couldn't have been more cordial to any stranger visiting his home lot. Stirling was genuinely pleased at the introduction. By the way, Paramount's prize isn't taking his career lightly. He's just hired Nina Moise, famous voice coach, to go to work on him.

LANA TURNER has been looking at houses with an eye to buying one. Maybe it's marriage for her and Tony Martin when she gets her final decree in September. Then again, maybe it's because she feels she's paying too much rent for her San Ysidro drive house, owned by Loretta Young's mother. Of course too, the neighbors might have complained about the open muffler on Tony's super-charged gasoline buggy. How about a bicycle built for two?

HOLLYWOOD is in hysterics over Madeleine Carroll. Of all things, the patrician Miss Carroll does an impersonation of a sea gull crying to its mate, that is out of this world. It isn't what she says, but *how* she says it that makes it sound so hysterically funny.



That smile, we interpret, is one of utter content. And no wonder! Paulette Goddard has a nice juicy part in Paramount's "Hold Back the Dawn." The names of Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland and Walter Abel lend lustre to the cast.

GLORIA SWANSON, peacock feathers and all, are back in Hollywood again. The first day on the RKO lot, her producer asked her if there was anyone in particular she would like to meet.

"Yes," said Gloria quickly. "My favorite actor, Bob Hope."

A ROMANCE that has weathered many storms has now definitely come to an end. Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore have called it quits, although neighbors report that Buddy still parks his car close to the Lane house in Laurel Canyon. If he does, Buddy has seen Glenn Ford bid Rosemary a charming goodnight at the doorstep. It's Hollywood's newest romantic twosome.

KEEP your ears peeled for that separation news again, between Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor. It's bound to crop up now that both went to New York at the same time—Ann on the train, Roger by plane. Here is the reason. Ann was dead tired after three months strenuous work in "Lady Be Good." She wanted to sleep and relax on the train, so she could enjoy "Panama Hattie," the New York musical she is bringing to the screen. Roger is mad about aviation. When the Luscomb people asked him to fly to New Jersey at their expense and pilot back a private plane to the coast, Roger was simply elated. It meant more hours in the air to his credit and chance to fly to his heart's content.

EVEN blasé Hollywood was *that* surprised when Connie Bennett up and eloped with Gilbert Roland. Intimate friends were under the impression that the breach between these two had widened too much for a reconciliation. There had been feeble rumors of a romance between Connie and her stage leading man, Richard Ainley. Gilbert has remained singularly out of the Hollywood scene. Though she is honeymooning and Gilbert's draft number is practically snapping at his heels, Connie still manages to be a fashion leader. She is the first actress to wear sheer black hose, a style recently revived by Mrs. Harrison Williams, reputedly the best dressed woman in the world.

BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's newest glamour girl, VERONICA LAKE) raids the hearts of four flying aces...

Paramount Producer
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.
and Paramount Director
MITCHELL LEISEN
who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.

"I WANTED WINGS"

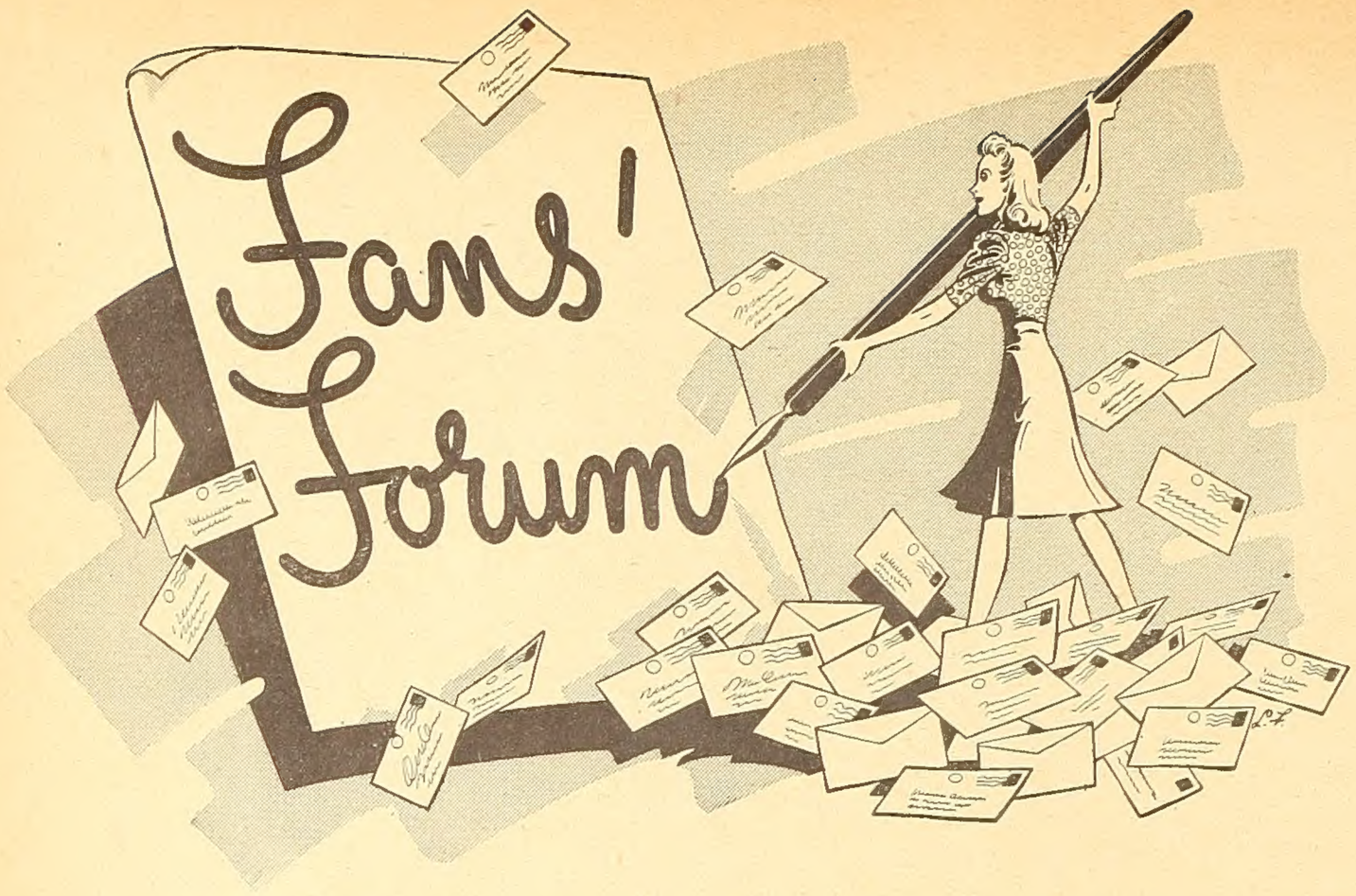
starring

RAY MILLAND · WILLIAM HOLDEN · WAYNE MORRIS · BRIAN DONLEVY

with CONSTANCE MOORE · VERONICA LAKE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



CASH CORNER

SCREENLAND'S policy of publishing letters both panning and petting the stars has unloosed a lot of pent-up feelings. Which, of course, was the idea we had in mind when we allotted this little corner to you readers. And, we might add, Fans' Forum is fun according to consensus of opinion. Also, you have been most generous in your salutes of approval of this, your department. We take advantage of this limited space to acknowledge our appreciation. But, getting back to more material matters—there's the appealing cash rewards! Keep these in mind, and submit your entries immediately. Prizes of $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, New York.

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

There's one angle in these modern family-life films that remains a puzzle to me. How can movie mothers always look fresh as a daisy, when they are supposed to represent average housewives like the rest of us who do our own cooking, wash the dishes, and keep the house spotless?

Twelve years of this kind of life have shown me that if I do my chores satisfactorily, I can't find enough extra time to powder my nose, polish my fingernails, and maintain a fashion-page appearance. I can't greet my working husband looking like a dainty deb. Yet husbands expect us to do it because the movies picture it that way.

I hope Hollywood will oblige by revealing the secret of how *Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hardy,* et al, can still look like Fifth Avenue models when their husbands behold them across the dinner table!

MRS. E. M. CARTER, Atlanta, Georgia

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

The one person who is making it hot for Bette Davis is Ida Lupino. In my estimation, Ida's performance as the murderess in "They Drive By Night" topped Bette's *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage." And following that came her rôle as the faithful sweetheart of the gangster in "High Sierra" which out-shone anything Bette has done in some time. Now she comes to us again in "The Sea Wolf," which is destined to bring her the Academy Award for 1941.

Bette's acting causes me to hate her, while Ida tugs at my heart, making me forgive her for what she has done. She is ruthless, yet beneath it all she has a heart of gold. Where Bette gets you with her drawn mouth and sharp tongue, Ida plays with her eyes, making you feel the pain and hatred which she herself is supposed to feel. This can be best explained in the close-up at the end of "High Sierra." Aside from mastery of photography, probably the greatest piece of acting was done at that moment, when only her eyes spoke. My advice to Bette is to watch out or Ida will be way ahead of her, and prove to be perhaps the greatest star Hollywood has had in a long time.

LAWRENCE A. WIGGIN, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

Perhaps if I made the motion enough seconds will be voiced to help overcome a practice among "praise agents" which is small but PUHLENTY irksome to those of us who are getting no younger fast.

For several years an actress' age is mentioned freely in the press, and apparently, truthfully, for the age increases year by year, even as does yours and mine. Then presto and all of a sudden-like, the actress becomes anywhere from one to five years younger, and moreover she *stays* this much younger from here on in. Now this may at first blush seem like a relatively unimportant matter, which truth to tell, it is. However, it is important enough that the ages are consistently fed to the reading public as part of the regular diet. What the heck's wrong with getting older? Either the actresses should age along with the rest of us, or nothing should ever be said about their ages.

For "checking-up" purposes you might just start with the mild case of Loretta Young, who miraculously got one whole year YOUNGER just lately. That means that I, who used to be the same age as Loretta Young, am now, alas, two years OLDER, because on my recent birthday I got a year older while she was getting younger.

MRS. DALE ORINDA, Oakland, Calif.

A few years ago many movie producers tried to make us motion picture-conscious. This was done by means of a contest with an impressive title stating that, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment." After seeing a number of recent movies I am forced to believe that they have forgotten this statement.

Why must the public be subjected to propaganda movies that are either too brutal or, just stupid? In the pictures which try to show the dangers of our enemies within, the villain can usually be recognized in the first reel. They either have a monocle and a thick accent, or a crew haircut and piercing eyes. If every Fifth Columnist looked like this the G-Men would have no worries.

I do not consider pictures such as "Night Train" and "Escape" stupid, because they both had moving, dramatic stories and were done with a minimum of "heils."

If the studios must make propaganda movies I wish that they would remember that the public will not accept movies that are childish or hysterical."

JOAN DOYLE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Although I am a junior high-school girl, I have been reading your magazine since the 7th grade and would even miss a show so I could read it. I enjoy the true facts you tell about the stars and the beautiful pictures your men take. Your photographs of young high-school actresses (Jane Withers, for example) and what they wear helps me in choosing my clothes. I love to see the pictures of new discoveries, for some day I want to be either a singing actress or a reporter on a movie book. I wish you could print your book twice a month instead of once.

SHEILA LEBO, Milwaukee, Wis.

Why, oh why, does a half-baked actor like Jimmy Stewart get an Academy Award?

Deliver me from that overworked, stuttering little-boy stuff of Stewart's.

M. CLYMONTS, Webster Groves, Mo.

I was thrilled beyond words the other evening when, as I leisurely looked over the evening paper, I saw a little notice about a big-hearted man, the darling of thousands of women, and the envy of all red-blooded men. This concerned the induction of the winner of the 1940 Motion Picture Academy Award—James Stewart—into the Army as a buck private. He had just given up $13,000 a month for the Army's $21.00 a month.

He said, "I'm sure tickled I got in." I sincerely believe he meant every word of it.

"Jimmy" will be just as popular in the Army as he was in the hearts of every theater-goer. The sacrifice that Stewart made will serve as inspiration to millions of patriotic Americans; so I say, "Three cheers for Stewart—a man's man!"

RALPH L. THOMPSON, Plantsville, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION

If Joe Louis is getting tired of the push-overs he's been fighting, why doesn't his manager arrange a bout with terrible Eddie Robinson? After watching him punch his way through "The Sea Wolf," I wondered that even tough John Garfield could stand up under his fury.

Screen fights have always puzzled me. My common sense tells me that they're faked, yet they look so darn real. How do they manage to put them over so that they look like real scraps, yet at the same time keep their valuable actors from getting hurt?

MAXINE BAXTER, Norwood, Ohio

I think it was swell of you to put Miss Kathryn Grayson on your SCREENLAND Honor Page. I, personally, think she is destined to become one of M-G-M's best stars and singers. I could sit back and listen to her singing for hours.

Why don't we see more pictures of this new star, or does she live a too secluded life? A little more publicity and a few more

good pictures and there is a great star.

Here's hoping that we see a lot more of her soon.

S. STONE, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Of course Margaret Sullavan was the brightest light of "So Ends Our Night," as is the case with any picture boasting her name. However, one can't help marveling at young Glenn Ford and wondering why his name was omitted from the stellar cast.

Undeniably, he has a mature conception and capabilities far beyond his years, and yet he remains the essence of that thing called "youth." His scenes with Sullavan were remarkable, because he actually held his own with that experienced actress. Also to his credit is the fact that he neither tried to imitate any proved method or person; nor did he try to create someone he wasn't. He was simply himself—Glenn Ford.

He has all the things which make good Box Office Attraction! Incidentally, however, he is a member of what I call the "new order;" one of the younger group of actors which is surely coming on the horizon. Others have already appeared, but none so promising. Ford represents the kids who have almost starved to act. Thousands of us all over the country are in the position he held just such a short time ago. We hope his example is a criterion of the trends.

JANICE DAVIS, Terre Haute, Ind.

I certainly wish Paramount would wake up and listen to Bob Hope when he talks about playing opposite Madeleine Carroll. You'd think Dorothy Lamour and Fred MacMurray were the only actresses and actor in town when it comes to choosing a Hope or Carroll co-star.

I'm on Bob's side. I think a picture starring him with Madeleine would be a hit. I guess Paramount never realized it, but their dignified and very charming Miss Carroll is a swell comedienne. Come on, now, how about it?

BARBARA DICKIE, Oakland, Calif.

"Rage in Heaven" is the name of the picture I have just seen, and it brought my favorite star a step further up on the ladder of fame. I am speaking of George Sanders who, with his clear, distinct voice and smooth, good looks has again scored a hit. . . . He was given the best rôle he has had so far, and he also got the girl, which should do a lot toward making him still more popular.

He is tall, dark and certainly handsome, although he may not be a Power or Taylor, but with his voice and charming, cultured ways he can certainly send anyone out of the theater with not only a lesson in English acquired, but with a thorough feeling that they have been entertained.

ESTHER GOLDBLATT, Evansville, Ind.

This is a "Thank You" note to all stars and movies for doing such a grand job in our National Defense Program by providing fun and entertainment for thousands of our new soldiers. Many of the large camps are not as yet equipped for organized play, and many are far from towns. Believe me, the camp movies and visits from stars do a grand job in helping to banish boredom and homesickness. As many of the boys told me during recent visits to camps: "These daily movies are a Godsend," and, "Home doesn't seem so far away when we can meet old friends and see familiar faces on the screen."

So I say, "Thanks a million to the movie industry for the splendid part they are playing in our National Defense Program."

FRANCES MARTIN, Berkeley, Calif.

When I heard that Henry Fonda was to play a sophisticated and glamorous young millionaire in "The Lady Eve" I roared with laughter. Why, he never played anything but a backwoodsman or farmer before, and my friends and I couldn't picture him in a dress suit, or evening clothes. We went to see the picture just out of curiosity; I just had to see "Hank" in a part like that because he's been my favorite for a couple of years. But the laugh was on me! It was wonderful! I honestly believe no one could have taken the part and done such a grand job as Henry Fonda did.

Barbara Stanwyck was perfect as *Eve* and they had a wonderful supporting cast. It was a "new" kind of romance and we, the public, like "new" plots in movies. Give us more pictures with Henry Fonda in evening clothes with glamorously-dressed young beauties all about him! Such fine acting ability and talent for comedy shouldn't be hidden under overalls.

DOROTHEA R. DUNHAM, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When I saw "Four Daughters" the other day, I said to myself, Let's have lots more of Rosemary Lane and lots less of Priscilla.

Priscilla Lane's acting was vile enough, without Warners topping it off with that "stinking" hair-do. I think that Priscilla is getting much, much too sure of herself; therefore, she completely ruined the character of lovable *Anne Lemp* that she portrayed in "Four Daughters."

But Rosemary, on the other hand, was marvelous. I've always felt that if Rosemary was given a part in a first-rate picture instead of these semi-first-rate shows, she'd be given an Oscar in two seconds.

So for the future, let's have more of Rosemary Lane, and very small doses of Priscilla at large intervals.

ELIZABETH RUDER, Oxford, Ohio

COOL-WATER SOAP ENDS HOT-WATER FADING! TRY AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW!

Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! Safer for bright colors!

COLORS HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE, with the new Ivory Snow to give them SAFE washing care! Ivory Snow's a brand-new soap that bursts into suds in 3 seconds *in cool water!* And cool water is safe for the bright colors of *all* your washables!

Imagine! Ivory Snow *doesn't need hot water!* So you don't risk the heartbreak of watching pretty colors fade out and get dull from hot water. Besides, Ivory Snow is pure! So colors get double protection—*pure* suds and *cool* suds! Ask for Ivory Snow today—in the large economy size or the handy medium size.



2-MINUTE CARE FOR STOCKING WEAR!

Plenty of cool, pure suds pile up in *3 seconds!* (No waiting for hot water.) Nightly care with Ivory Snow helps stockings *wear!*



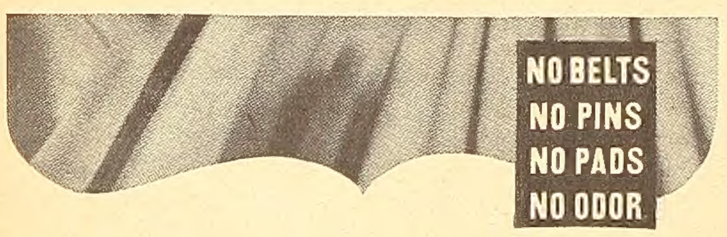
WHAT A PICNIC FOR PRINT DRESSES!

Yes...Ivory Snow means happy days for pretty washables! Wash 'em time after time in those cool suds and see how colors stay bright!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE



LOOK BACK TO THE DAYS before Tampax



LOOK back at women's fashions through the years. Gowns, skirts, hats, shoes, hair-do's, cosmetics—all these have changed and developed to suit modern conditions and ideas. Yet one important item remained long unchanged—*monthly sanitary protection.*

But now Tampax really offers modern protection because it is worn internally and *absorbs internally.* It does away with *all* bulges, lines and wrinkles of old methods. There is no chafing; you actually cannot feel Tampax. No odor produced; no deodorants needed. No disposal problems.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is ingeniously made. Pure long-fibered surgical cotton, very absorbent but greatly compressed. Your hands never touch Tampax; it comes sealed in one-time-use applicator for easy, dainty insertion. *Three sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. New low prices for all three. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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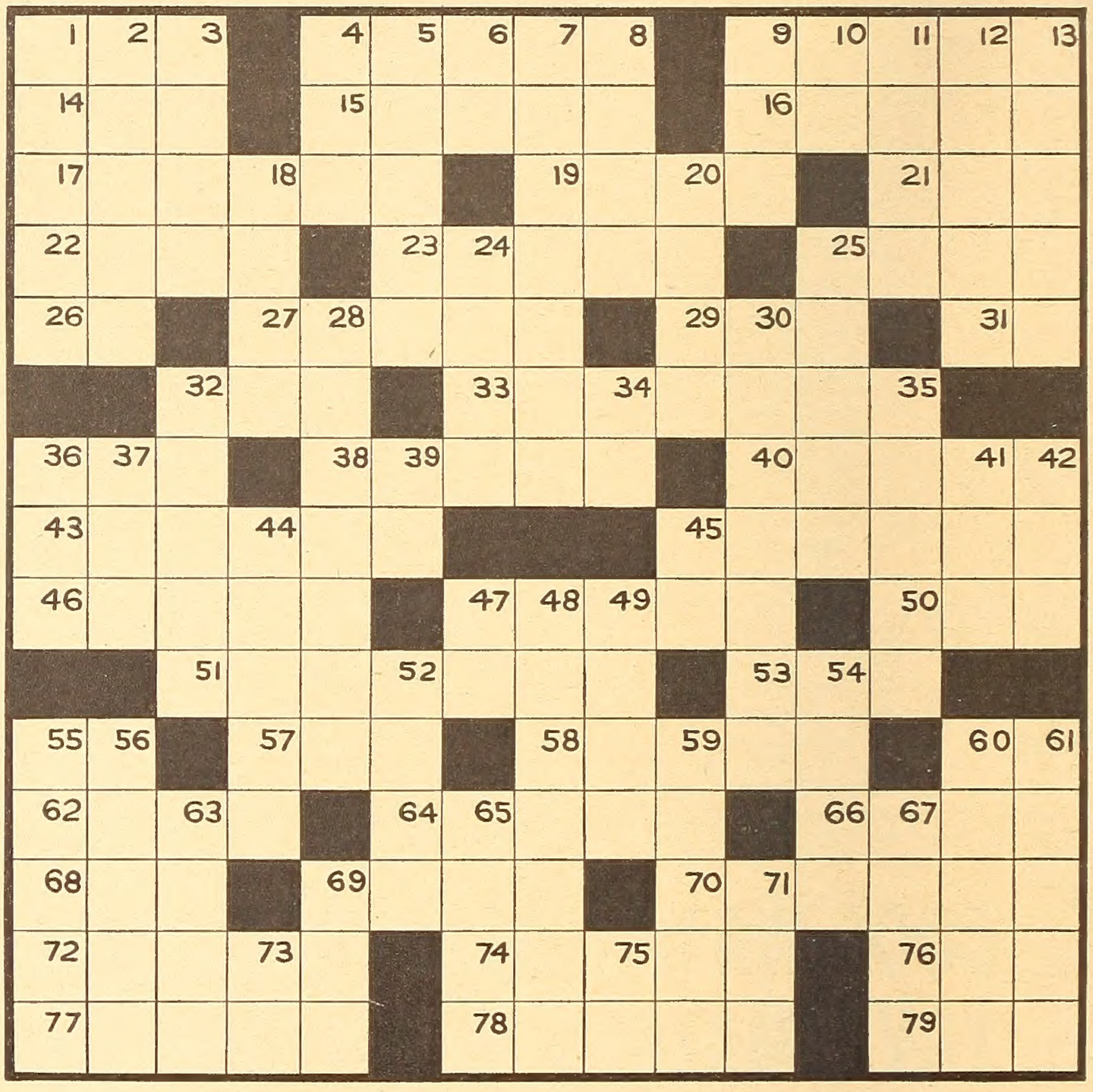
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Dr. Kildare
4. Star of "The Great American Broadcast"
9. Co-star of "Pot O'Gold"
14. "The Lady - - -," with Stanwyck and Fonda
15. Moving part of machinery
16. To love intensely
17. He plays the Adam who "Had Four Sons"
19. Falsifier
21. To be indebted to
22. Mental image
23. Loose garments
25. Dry
26. Compass point (abbrev.)
27. Co-star, "Penny Serenade"
29. To snoop
31. Northeastern state (abbrev.)
32. Southern state (abbrev.)
33. Deletion
36. To point
38. Spars
40. Herb used for medicinal tea
43. Co-star, "The Road to Zanzibar"
45. Gave forth
46. Famous movie and skating star
47. "- - - - - My Love," with Claudette Colbert
50. Lipstick color
51. Knotty (as a tree)
53. "The Great - - -," with Bette Davis
55. Exist
57. A hint
58. Hollow vessels for food or flowers
60. Thoroughfare (abbrev.)
62. Celtic
64. Girl's name
66. Co-star of "The Great Ziegfeld"
68. Prefix meaning three
69. He plays Charles Kimble in "The Road to Zanzibar"
70. Prolonged attacks on a fortress
72. Colored girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
74. Star of "Cheers For Miss Bishop"
76. To dine
77. Famous cow (movies and New York World's Fair), now deceased
78. Rabbits
79. "- - - Murder," with Walter Pidgeon

DOWN

1. Judge Hardy
2. Elude
3. Have been
4. Live
5. Featured in "Mr. District Attorney"
6. "- - Happened One Night," famous Gable-Colbert film
7. Her new one is "Skylark"
8. One of the Great Lakes
9. To shake
10. Public notice (abbrev.)
11. Anchor
12. He's featured in "The Bride Came C.O.D."
13. Shabby
18. Horny growth at finger tips
20. Poisonous serpents
24. Individuals
25. Last name of 1 across
28. Sister Bessie in "Tobacco Road"
30. Co-star, "No Time For Comedy"
32. "Murder - - - - - Friends," with Marjorie Weaver
34. Since
35. To harden
36. German exclamation
37. Anger
39. Forever
41. Born
42. To sum up
44. As
45. Exists
47. Famous Mammy Singer
48. This film received the 1940 "Oscar"
49. Religious image
52. Back
54. Island
55. Star of "The Letter"
56. Star of "Footsteps in the Dark"
59. Squander
60. To move furtively
61. Savory, delicious
63. Drinks in small mouthfuls
65. China container for food
67. Eras
69. Facial feature
71. Possessive pronoun
73. Note of the scale
75. Either

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

B	E	L	A	■	G	A	R	B	O	■	H	E	D	Y
E	R	O	S	■	O	D	O	U	R	■	E	R	I	E
T	W	I	S	T	■	O	L	D	E	R	■	I	N	A
T	I	N	■	R	A	P	E	S	■	I	N	N	E	R
E	N	■	F	A	C	T	S	■	E	T	A	■	S	S
■	■	R	I	C	E	■	■	F	L	A	M	E	■	■
B	E	E	R	Y	■	S	W	A	M	■	E	R	S	T
O	W	E	■	■	L	E	E	D	S	■	■	R	I	O
B	E	D	S	■	A	R	T	S	■	G	L	O	R	Y
■	■	S	T	O	N	E	■	■	S	A	I	L	■	■
A	T	■	A	T	E	■	D	O	U	B	T	■	F	A
B	R	E	N	T	■	H	O	V	E	L	■	W	O	N
N	A	T	■	O	H	A	R	A	■	E	M	E	N	D
E	D	N	A	■	E	L	I	T	E	■	A	I	D	E
R	E	A	L	■	R	E	S	E	T	■	E	R	A	S

GREAT NEWS!

MILLION DOLLAR BABY"

will be shown *mmediately!*

ollywood fell head-over eels for this wonderful tory of a girl who falls nto a million dollars!
ou should read those preview raves!)
's so good, and so gay, nd so lovable that heatres wouldn't wait a ingle moment to play t for you! Watch for it nd don't dare miss it!



It stars, in their very best rolés ever . . .

PRISCILLA LANE
JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN
MAY ROBSON · LEE PATRICK
Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgass
A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT



did he mean doggy legs . .

or doggie legs?

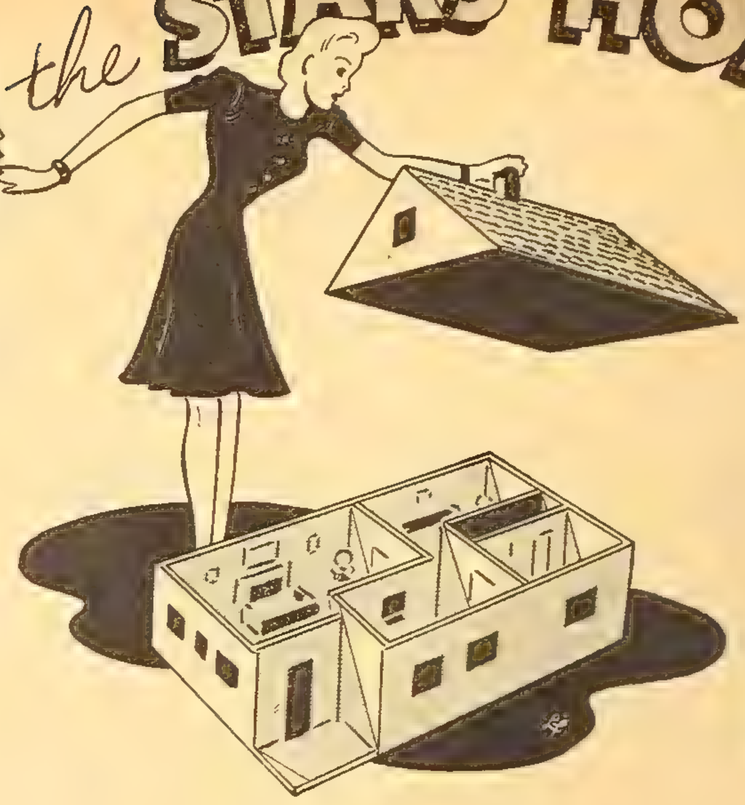
If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get neet today

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Hollywood's happiest bride, beautiful blonde Brenda Joyce, entertains in her new home

By Betty Boone

ON ONE of Westwood's rolling hills, a yellow-trimmed apartment building is set high above a curving drive. Once you've mounted the rock stairway, with its sloping beds of giant double petunias, you come upon a wide green lawn, more flowers and a sunny deck filled with inviting patio furniture where apartment dwellers can lounge and sun themselves safe from observation of passers-by.

The young Owen Wards—Mrs. Ward is better known as Brenda Joyce—have a honeymoon apartment here, where everything is brand new, the walls are white and shining, and the view is something to shout about. It's a real bride's home, lovely and light, filled with wedding presents, crowded with flowers. "That's from so-and-so!" "Owen's sister gave us this!" "My sorority sisters sent that!" is Brenda's lilting refrain, no matter where she turns.

The living room is in beige and blue, a perfect background today for its owner, slim and graceful in pale blue and white silk jersey hostess pajamas, her fair hair in becoming curls above her sun tan.

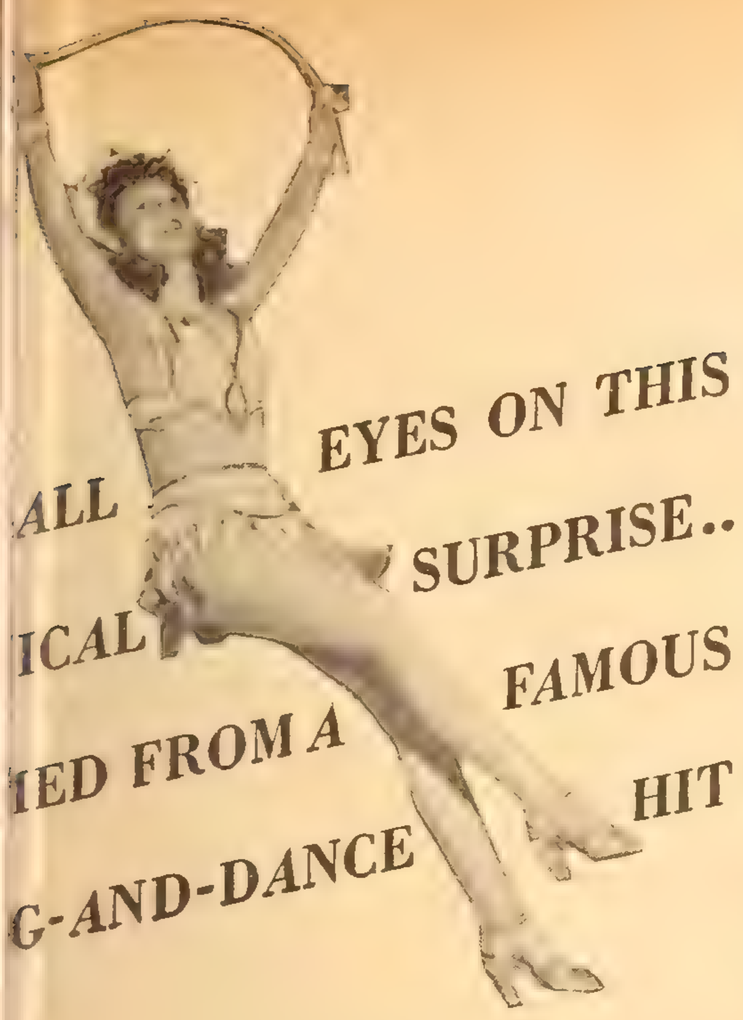
"The Capehart is our most important possession in this room. I couldn't tell you how many grand records we have! We're both mad about music, you know. Some day we may have a music room. We're building in the valley soon, and every day we think of another room we want 'some day'! But I shall hate to leave this."

The dinette—it's hardly more than that, for the apartment like most modern ones is compact and there's no waste space—is furnished in chartreuse and crystal. Yes, actually, for the table is glass and so is the serving table, and the chairs have seats of chartreuse.

"When there are (*Please turn to p. 17*)







ALL EYES ON THIS

ICAL SURPRISE..

IED FROM A FAMOUS

G-AND-DANCE HIT

941's Greatest Dancing Show,
umptuously Screened From
he Celebrated Stage Success
hat Made Jerome Kern's "Who"
mmortal...With the Delightful
tar of "Irene" and a Host of
ye-Widening Novelties Never
efore Seen On Any Screen!

ANNA

NEAGLE *in*



Gay love story teams Anna with screen's new heart-throb, John Carroll



The Hartmans desert N.Y niteries for films



"Sunny" repeats "Irene" hit



Spectacular dance numbers glorify "Who" and other Jerome Kern songs

: with Sunny .."Upstage" with her society sweetie's family





ton leads the laughter ..... New dance team scores







Music by ***JEROME KERN***

With RAY BOLGER

JOHN CARROLL

EDW. EVERETT HORTON

FRIEDA INESCORT

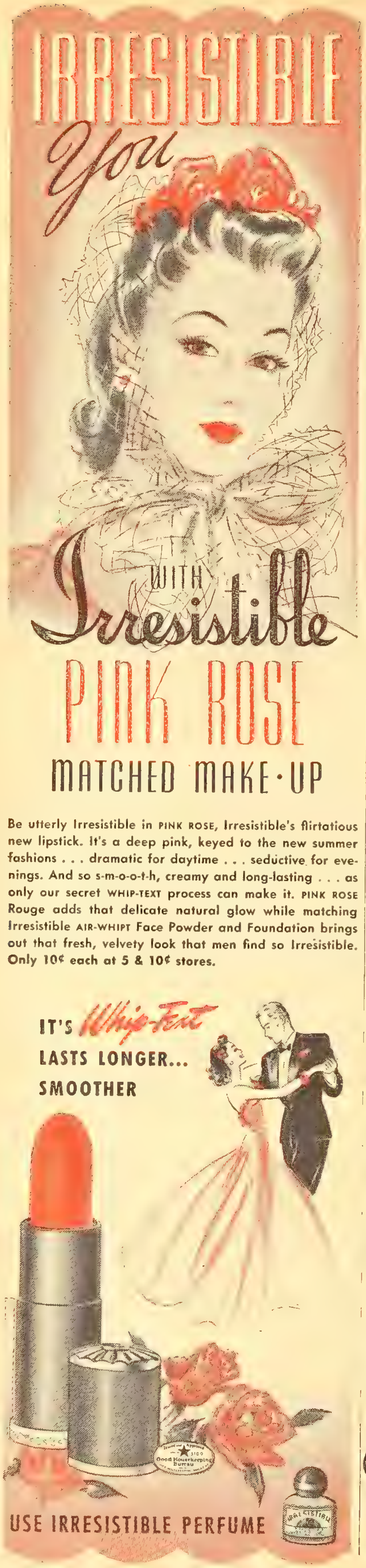
HELEN WESTLEY

And THE HARTMANS

Produced & Directed by

HERBERT WILCOX

RKO RADIO PICTURE • *Screen Play by Sig Herzig*
From the Musical Comedy "Sunny" • Book and Lyrics by
Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II



Tagging the Talkies

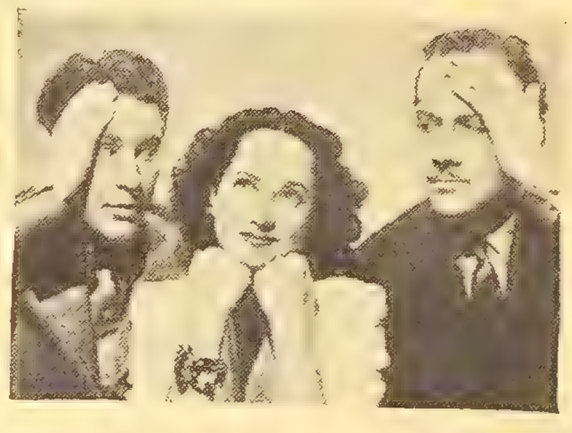


Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



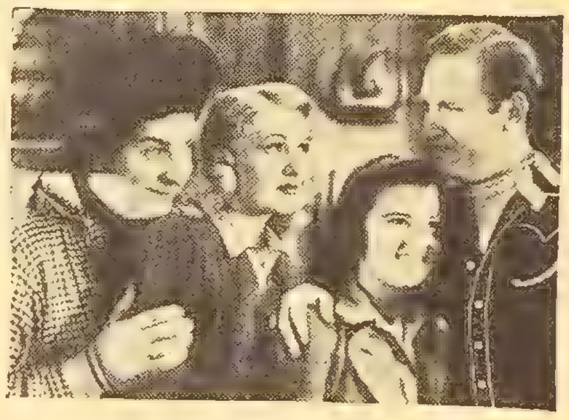
One Night in Lisbon—Paramount

Fred MacMurray, if he will pardon the word, positively effervesces in this, his best rôle to date. He captures Madeleine Carroll's heart at first sight. Fred is a reckless American who ferries bombers to England. Madeleine, strong on conventions, is bowled over by his verve. While the dialogue is breezy, there is a decided let-down when the presence of Patricia Morison is brought in. The tinge of propaganda won't spoil your fun.



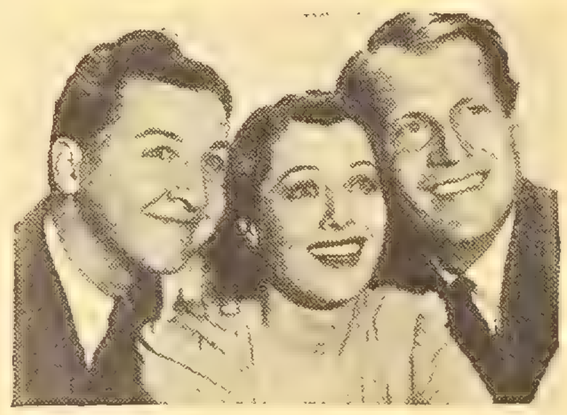
That Uncertain Feeling—United Artists

Can the eternal triangle have any new angles? The answer is Yes. Definitely! *Jill Baker* (Merle Oberon) is discontented over her marriage lot; her husband (Melvyn Douglas) takes her for granted. This causes *Jill* mental anguish which results in an embarrassing affliction—hiccups. She consults a psychoanalyst. And so Burgess Meredith comes into her life. In steps the triangle. The three stars display a luscious sense of comedy. See it!



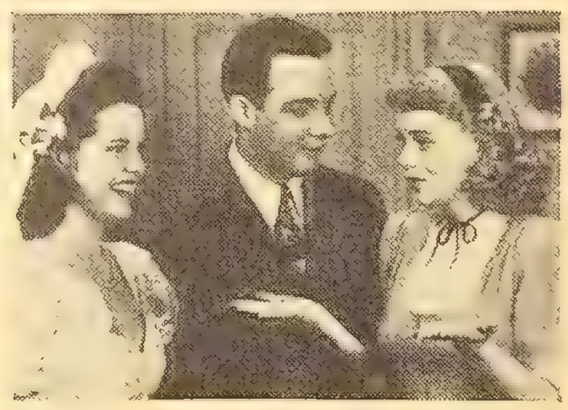
The Singing Hill—Republic

Tragedy is about to befall the ranchers who use the Circle R's free grazing land, because the owner, beautiful, pepper-tempered *Jo Adams* (Virginia Dale) negotiates the sale of her property. Gene Autry, foreman of the Circle R, tries to reason with *Jo,* but she remains unmoved. Eventually she comes to her senses. Miss Dale is attractive foil for Autry. Personality-kid Mary Lee and Gene sing a few pleasant ditties. Good warm weather fare.



Reaching for the Sun—Paramount

From the realistic novel, "F.O.B. Detroit," emerges the sprightly and sentimental screenplay of the romance between a backwoods boy and a town girl—satisfactory entertainment if you never read the novel, disappointingly shallow if you did! Joel McCrea is fine as the boy who rebels at the routine in a factory and wants to return to the wide open spaces—and eventually wins. Ellen Drew is charming as his wife. Eddie Bracken's comical.



Rookies on Parade—Republic

Yep, folks, it's about the draft—69 minutes of it—which is a bit of all right. Trouble comes double to songwriter Bob Crosby when, first, pretty Ruth Terry jilts him at the altar; and, second, when his musical is about to be produced he and his side-kick, Eddie Foy, Jr., are made reluctant rookies. Ruth, who can really put over a song, and Marie Wilson patriotically become camp hostesses. What follows is tuneful, danceful and skitful.



Lady from Louisiana—Republic

John Reynolds (John Wayne) is engaged by Helen Westley to delve into the lottery racket headed by *General Mirbeau* (Henry Stephenson). *John,* in love with the *General's* daughter *Julie* (Ona Munson), is almost persuaded by her that the lottery is on the level. But not for long. *Blackie* (Ray Middleton) encourages *Julie* to fight *John's* efforts. Miss Munson uses her charms effectively, giving the film a nice lift. Strong on suspense.



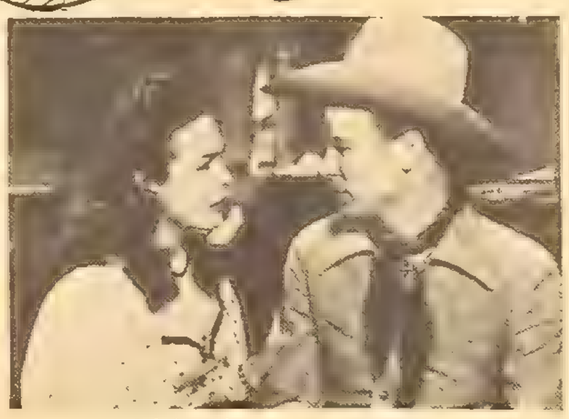
Flame of New Orleans—Universal

The much-touted talent of Director Rene Clair fizzes disappointingly in "Flame of New Orleans." Marlene Dietrich seems miserably miscast too. She's hardly convincing when she pulls that sweet innocence stuff; and that she does too frequently. The story is as old as time itself: the adventures of an adventuress. There's not enough spice. Roland Young and Bruce Cabot are the men in her life. Honors go to Theresa Harris.



Mr. District Attorney—Republic

District Attorney Winton (Stanley Ridges) is none too happy when forced to add *P. C. Jones* (Dennis O'Keefe) to his staff. *Jones* pulls a boner ten minutes after he is sworn in. *Terry* (Florence Rice), pretty reporter, sympathizes, becomes his ally. They solve the riddle of a venal politician's disappearance. Fame and love follow. Routine crime-busting stuff, but manages to hold interest. O'Keefe and Miss Rice nicely cast.



In Old Cheyenne—Republic

Cheyenne, in its infancy, was wide open; rootin', tootin', hard-drinkin', sharp-shootin' critters roamed the rugged countryside. Roy Rogers, crusading reporter, is, as usual, an ingratiating personality. He's even prepossessing while serenading his fair Irish-Spanish señorita, flashing-eyed Joan Woodbury. Between ditties there's the business of cleaning up the lawless element. Roy does this with dashing ease. "Gabby" Hayes helps him.



Pals of the Pecos—Republic

"The Three Mesquiteers" appear in a thing called "Pals of the Pecos." The story is trite but, thanks to Robert Livingston, Bob Steele and Rufe Davis, attention is directed away from the script. *Larry* (Dennis Moore) tips off an unscrupulous bunch when his dad's payroll is to be delivered. He is murdered. *Larry's*—sister accuses the trio. The boys prove their innocence and ride away to new and, we hope, better adventure.

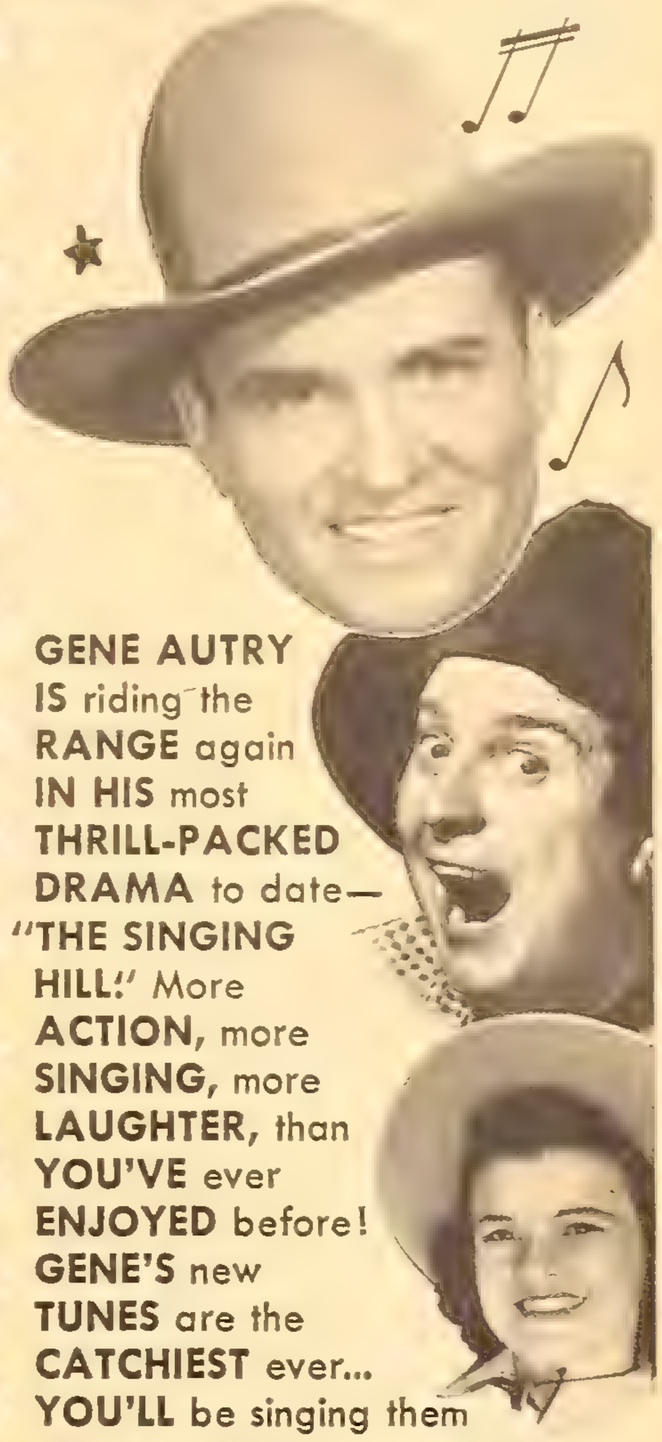


Footlight Fever—RKO

Alan Mowbray proves once an actor always a ham. Maybe it's *vice versa.* Anyway, the show's the thing in this farce. Mowbray and Donald MacBride have a play on their hands and handsome Lee Bonnell for the leading rôle. But alas and alack—we do mean lack—they have no money. Lee refuses to marry Elyse Knox until he is able to support her. Elisabeth Risdon comes to the rescue via a slapstick routine. Silly, yes, but rib-tickling.

RANDOM RAMBLINGS on a BIG PICTURE

THERE'S a great **ENTERTAINMENT** day coming **FOR YOU** and you and you! **AMERICA'S** favorite **SINGING** cowboy is on his way!



GENE AUTRY IS riding the **RANGE** again **IN HIS** most **THRILL-PACKED DRAMA** to date—**"THE SINGING HILL!"** More **ACTION,** more **SINGING,** more **LAUGHTER,** than **YOU'VE** ever **ENJOYED** before! **GENE'S** new **TUNES** are the **CATCHIEST** ever... **YOU'LL** be singing them **YOURSELF** for weeks after! And **SMILEY BURNETTE** rises to new **HEIGHTS** in laughter-laden **COMEDY** scenes! Beautiful **VIRGINIA DALE** adds romantic **SPICE** to the adventure! Lovely **MARY LEE,** our own singing **SWEETHEART** is back with **GENE** and **SMILEY**...It's all **NEW**...It's all thrill-packed, and it's **WONDERFUL** fun... **SO** watch for **GENE AUTRY'S BIGGEST,** latest, **AND** best... **IT'S** called **"THE SINGING HILL!"** And **OF COURSE,** it's

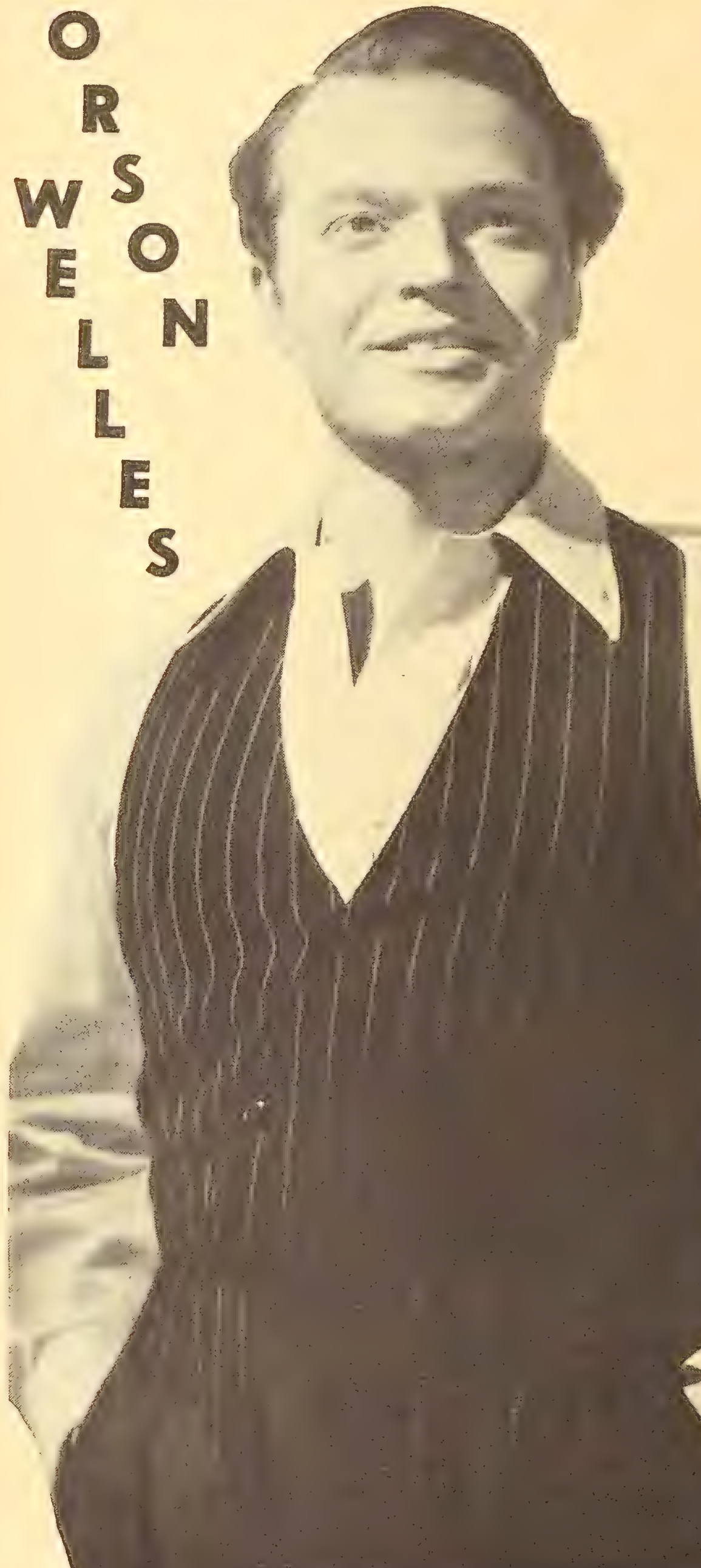


A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Screenland Honor Page

SALUTE TO GENIUS!

ORSON WELLES



Cinema's First Shakespeare is Orson Welles, 25-year-old creator of "Citizen Kane," greatest motion picture since D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation." Producer, writer, director and star of his first film, Welles is the white hope of Hollywood. Don't miss his dynamic début; watch for future movie masterpieces from this most imaginative showman of our time



Orson Welles, the great dir tor, supervising scene for "Citizen Kane," above. Bel Welles the great actor, in title rôle. Then, Welles great showman, surrounded chorus girls from his fil







Brenda, now Mrs. Owen Ward, in her honeymoon apartment—a real bride's home, lovely and light. Our exclusive new pictures show Brenda's cherished Wedgwood china and wedding-present silver—and, below, the "sniffer" for flowers.

ore than four guests, I can add the serv- table to the dining table and seat six, nfortably," explained Brenda, "but I'm new a hostess to attempt half a dozen . My limit is four. We've had Owen's nily and my mother and occasionally one uple.

"The glass table makes it possible to ce the flowers for decoration underneath, they take up no room. I use cellophane ts—I have them in both chartreuse and ue, presents from my chum, most effec- e. My mother gave us our set of crystal, hich we use for fruit cocktail or for des- rt, and Owen's mother gave us our ador- le Wedgwood set, of Alice blue with hand- rved wreaths of white flowers on the ns of the plates and saucers and around e cups. My silver chest was another gift, d these hurricane lamps with candles in- de are from someone else. Louella Parsons ve me my silver vegetable dishes. I adore tertaining, if only because I can use my vely things."

The master bedroom has twin beds with nnecting headboard. Here Brenda's fa- ored chartreuse is used in drapes and bed- read, but the headboard is plaided in red, ue and chartreuse, which sounds, as renda says, simply terrible, but oddly ough isn't.

"This furniture is to go into our guest om once the ranch house is built," con- ded my hostess. "Owen has some very od, heavy, masculine furniture of solid alnut for his room, so I plan to have mine ery, very feminine, with flowing filmy kirts on bed and dressing table and those lmy curtains that look as if one touch ould wreck them. But one touch WON'T, on't fret! Then I'll have a chaise longue nd a delicate French desk, I think.

"We shall start with only three bedrooms nd perhaps a den with a bar that can be wung open when needed. You see, Owen nd I love informal entertaining. We go ith a crowd of university young people ho like to hike around the hills and shoot t targets. Sometimes we stay out most of he day and come back here around four 'clock for informal supper. Owen loves to ook and is rather famous for his ham- urgers, his onion soup and his spareribs. He puts melted cheese, mayonnaise, toma- oes and lettuce in his hamburgers, not to mention onions, and he can dish up a sauer- kraut that makes your mouth water!"

When the Wards entertain the families or give a dinner, there's a cook to prepare meals and a maid to serve them, but for the informal affairs guests and hosts combine talents.

"We usually have turkey for the special dinners, because it's a festive dish and you can serve it here all year. Our cook has a wonderful dressing—she calls it walnut dressing—you'll be sure to like. Then we have marshmallow fluff, which is yams-and-marshmallows, but she puts other things into it. She'll give you the recipes."

WALNUT DRESSING FOR TURKEY

Bake with skins on 3 medium onions for ten minutes. Remove the skins, chop very fine, add 1 cup finely chopped tart apple, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 5 cups fresh bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon marjoram, 2 (*Please turn to page 98*)





DO YOU STILL "SOAP" YOUR HAIR?

Try one shampoo with Halo and see the amazing difference when there's no dulling soap film

DO YOU wonder why so many women seem pleased with their hair these days? It's because they've discovered the cause of dull "mousey" hair is often the dulling soap film left on hair by old-style shampoos.

So be modern and switch to Halo Shampoo as the way to beautiful hair. Because Halo contains no soap it leaves no dulling film to hide the natural color and luster. You don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl. And Halo makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. A product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



Tested and Approved Seal No. 2279 Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

HALO SHAMPOO



AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEP'T STORES



"I didn't come here to rock!"

I DIDN'T come here to rock at $15 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the summer sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises . . . but they're out with other girls. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man . . . the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him . . . and he's out tonight with Thelma. *And so I rock.*

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe . . .

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "line" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . ."

Take This Tip

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breat sweeter and fresher. Thousands of pop ular people, fastidious people, simpl wouldn't be without it. It's part of thei passport to popularity . . . and it shoul be a part of yours.

Mouth Fermentation

Listerine works this way to sweete breath: It overcomes fermentation o tiny food particles in the mouth . . . sai by some authorities to be the principa cause of odors; then overcomes the odor themselves. Other cases of bad breat may be due to systemic conditions; t get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerin Antiseptic night and morning, and be tween times before business and socia engagements. Keep a bottle handy i home and office; tuck one in your hand bag when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo*

Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath

The Editor's Page

INVITATION TO A SPANKING?

Just to prove she isn't always the frivolous type, Baby Sandy, below, does her bit by learning to knit—well, anyway, the kid's trying!



AN OPEN LETTER TO BABY SANDY

DEAR CUTIE-PANTS:

Go ahead and kick up your heels—it may look undignified for a movie star of your—er—standing, but what do you care? It's the silly season.

Of course, some carping critics may accuse you of being a G-Girl rather than an Actress, and it's true that, so far, you've shown few signs of becoming a miniature Bette Davis. But then, Bette herself is doing a Baby Sandy in "The Bride Came C.O.D." so don't let the sourpusses push you around. Any girl with your figure should worry about Art.

In fact, a girl like you should have no worries at all, now that Shirley Temple and Jane Withers have grown up. You get loads of fan mail but you don't have to read it or answer it, because you can't read or write anyway. If by chance you don't feel in the mood to "give" when your director tells you to do a scene, you don't have to retire to a corner of the set with your script and seep yourself in the character; you just give a sweet, patient smile and wait for the lollypops to be handed out. You always get 'em, too. And, to be sure you're not bored during your working hours, you have such high-powered comedians as Edward Everett Horton or Ray Walburn to put on acts for your special benefit—they'd better be funny, too. Pretty soft, Baby S., pretty soft.

But enjoy it while you can—because I hear you have a brand new baby brother who is already signed to a movie contract. The public is fickle, no matter what they say; competition, you know—so be sure you keep that girlish figure.

Affectionately,

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

"Baby talk? Naw! That's for the grown folks! See what we mean? They even act silly. Len Weissman's camera proves that point!"



Judy Garland! Is that the way to treat your best (and only) guy—with a pie smack in his eye? You love him, don't you? Oh, it's just in fun. The guy is Dave Rose, above.



Jackie Cooper's mama told him not to go too near the water at the Costume and Swimming Party, but his next-to-best girl Bonita Granville, above, says, "Come on, Sissy! Dip!"



The Gay Nineties makes a come-back at the Sand & Pool Club. Milton Berle, in a snazzy something-or-other, slips a snack to Marie Wilson, above, as Judy Garland just looks.



Having fun is serious business with Masters Dennis, Lindsay and Philip Crosby, above. Here they are behaving as grown-ups should at the delightful party given by Walt Disney.



Quiz Kid Richard Williams, above, knows all the answers, but here he is pleased as punch and lost for words (almost) as in-between-age Jane Withers gives him her autograph.



"You don't have to tell *us* how to manipulate the utensils, Papa," says George Burns' adorable youngsters, Sandra and Ronny, above, at the Hollywood Brown Derby, no less.



Just kids at heart are Rita Quigley, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, above. They got as big a kick out of Disney's "Reluctant Dragon" as the tiny tots, and show it.



Who's excited? One glance at the Dick Powell clan will tell the answer. Mama Joan Blondell Powell, above, accompanied her charming children Ellen and Norman to the Kiddie Party.



It's the real Pat O'Brien you're seeing here, the Pat O'Brien in his best and happiest rôle, proud papa of Mavourneen and Sean. They, too, loved the Walt Disney Kiddie Party.



"Am I a surprised duck!" Yes, kiddies—and grown-ups too—it's Clarence Nash, intriguing voice of Donald Duck. With him, Carol Ann and Barbara, Robert Young's cutie-pies.

WILL MICKEY



Mickey Rooney. Is he seriously in love with lovely Linda?



Linda, below, before fame—and today, most acclaimed baby beauty (with her mother, being feted in Mexico City).

Consider the romantic plight of Hollywood's most beautiful girl and most brilliant boy!

IN HOLLYWOOD we sort of get used to taking love with a grain of salt, followed by two aspirin. Maybe it's because we see too many boy-meets-girl pictures, maybe it's because we brush up against it every where we go, maybe it's because we just happen to know the dreary "inside" on so many so-called romances. You can get awfully palsy with love in Hollywood—and you certainly know that one about familiarity breeding contempt, among other things. We who pound the keys have lost our respect for that great big beautiful emotion. We say with a sneer: *toujours l'amour* NUTS!

So naturally when someone told me that I could probably get a good story out of Linda Darnell as she had love problems, I simply said, who hasn't, and let it go at that. How could Linda Darnell, undoubtedly the best brought up young girl in Hollywood, sweet, beautiful, and with a brilliant career ahead of her, know anything about love problems! And anyway, Mickey Rooney was in love with her, and that shouldn't be a problem—that should be a pleasure. So I returned, with the usual tongue in the usual cheek, to the love problems of Miss Lana Turner.

And then one day I bumped into Linda on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. She had finished early on the "Blood and Sand" set, and it had started raining, and she had to wait for the chauffeur to pick up her brothers Calvin Roy, Jr., and Monte at their schools before he could come after her. I asked politely about the picture and Linda's answer assured me that despite her youth, sweetness, and good manners, she is just as human as the next one. "All I do in it is pray," she said wistfully.





WIN LINDA?



"I do wish they'd let me play a bad woman sometimes!" sighs Linda. She's still sweet in "Blood and Sand," with Ty Power.



Linda Darnell. Can she forget "Jaime" for Master Mickey?

By

Elizabeth Wilson

"I do wish they'd let me play a bad woman sometimes."

We got to talking, Linda and I, and soon the conversation got around to love, as it always does in Hollywood. I said, "Linda, several months ago when someone asked you if you were in love with Mickey Rooney your reply was, 'I'll never fall in love with anyone until I know.' What did you mean?"

"I meant," said Linda, "that I couldn't possibly fall in love with Mick, no matter how much I like him, or anyone else for that matter, until I knew about Jaime."

"And do you know now?"

"Yes," said Linda with that pathetic little smile that is destined to make gelatine out of many a big strong muscle man. "*Now* I know. I spent three weeks in Mexico City. And now I know that it's too big a thing to say it was swell knowing you, goodbye. Things are in an awful mess."

Well, first thing I knew the ice had melted in my veins and I was all full of sympathy and understanding. Me, the cynic. But that Linda is no phony, believe me. She really has problems, and she has really suffered over them.

I don't know Jaime Yorba. I'll probably *never* know Jaime Yorba. But he is one young man who certainly has my sincerest sympathy. Imagine being desperately in love with Linda Darnell and not being able to see her! Imagine having Mickey Rooney, the most fascinating adolescent in Hollywood, for a rival! Imagine burning with jealousy while you read in the gossip columns that your girl has been seen (*Please turn to page 83*)

Announcing the WINNER
CONSTANCE BENNETT

Dear Miss Bennett:
There is such a great deal written about what the "career girl" should wear for business, etc., which certainly must help them enormously—but what about us "young marrieds?" There are lots of us too!
What sort of things should we buy that will please our Mr.'s eye and his pocketbook too? Where should we "splurge" and where can we be economical?
There are so many things that take up my daily schedule, from housework, to shopping, luncheon dates, visiting, club meetings, sports, and most important of all—my evenings out with hubby, to dinner and the theater. Perhaps a description of myself would help you select styles and colors becoming to me. I am 5'3" tall, weigh 110 pounds, have dark blonde hair, green eyes, and a medium complexion.
I sincerely hope you will help me solve my "clothes problem" for I surely would appreciate an expert's advice on the subject. And I want to thank you now for any help you may give me.

Yours very sincerely,
DIANE MARNELL,
Quincy, Mass.

Another winner in our 6-Star Contest series! Subject, clothes. Star, Hollywood's best-dressed woman, Connie Bennett, whose article in answer to Diane Marnell will fascinate every girl with a clothes problem, and whose latest and loveliest personal wardrobe is pictured here.

THE LETTER THE GIFT



Selections from Miss Bennett's personal wardrobe include, above, her pet print frock, grey background with small geometric yellow pattern. Her half-hat is fashioned of yellow lilies of the valley, with a starched veil of brown fishnet over all.



For casual hours, Connie Bennett glamorizes a slack and shirt ensemble. Her selection is full trousers of brilliant red jersey, with jumper straps over a soft boat-neck candy-stripe bodice of red and white silk jersey. A red chiffon bandana over her hair.

of the CONTEST!

At right, Constance Bennett's favorite summer evening gown—exquisite white souffle with skin-tight waistline, softly draped bra, great sweeping skirt of twenty yards.





Miss Bennett poses with the prize-winning gifts: a complete set of her own fine cosmetics, a smartly-fitted handbag.



Bold Hawaiian cotton print of red and white fashions this strikingly full skirt of Miss Bennett's summer dinner gown. A brief white piqué jacket exposes a slim bare midriff. All of our exclusive fashion pictures made in her own home.

By Diane Marnell

DEAR DIANE MARNELL:

Quality not quantity is the basic rule for every woman who wants to dress well. There are certain "tricks" to assembling a wardrobe. These "tricks" apply whether your income is twenty dollars a week or two thousand. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean "tricky" dressing. I do mean that you do not need to depend upon an extensive wardrobe. Know the right lines of your figure and the right tones of your coloring. Then remember one thing—simplicity.

If a girl has twenty dollars to spend, no matter how she may be tempted to buy several things, she should remind herself that it is wisdom and economy to have a *few good things*. I want to stress that fact. I happen to need, and have, a larger wardrobe than the average woman. But the business girl and you "young marrieds," as you call yourselves, must make your allowance cover every need, and you should practice buying not cheaper clothes, but fewer.

There are three sins in dressing which are committed repeatedly:

(1) Choosing a dress merely because it is the mode of the moment. No two women in the world are exactly alike in features, figure, or flair. It's stupid to look at another woman, even though she's your favorite screen star, and (*Please turn to page 77*)



Esquire-Globe

The amazing story of a man in love with a beautiful girl—and how he helped turn her from a nonentity into a celebrity! Yes, Ed Judson—shown with his wife Rita Hayworth at left—encouraged her in the career which has finally led her to stardom and the siren's rôle opposite Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand" (below).

WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND!

"Mr. Rita Hayworth" Tells

By Helen Hover



ASIDE from that streamlined socko figure, one of the main reasons for Rita Hayworth's star being so high in Hollywood heavens is a gent named Eddie Judson. Eddie happens to be Rita's husband.

Now you and I have heard many sad tales of actresses who felt that they had to discard their non-professional husbands because hubby and career conflicted. These back-seat husbands, wail the screen lovelies in court, just don't understand the complexities that go with their screen careers and it's a matter of chucking one or the other. Movie careers being what they are, it's usually the husband who gets the bounce.

Being a husband to a Hollywood star takes a man who is equal parts of Frank Buck, Casper Milquetoast, Clyde Beatty and Robert Taylor. The poor fellow who stands up before the minister with a screen pet must mumble silently to himself along with the other "I promises"—"I promise to be a confidante, go-between, good will ambassador, and international spy. I promise to comfort her when she's lost a rôle, to keep out of the way when she's busy, to be nice to photographers even though I don't like to have my mugg snapped, to gulp and be understanding when I see my wife's pretty puss plastered in magazines kissing some other man, and not to mind being addressed as *Mr. Gloria Glamor.*"

And that's just the half of it!

Well, folks, in this corner we have that jewel among jewels: the one man who has this business of being a movie star's husband doped out to such a fine science that it's actually a pleasure. As a result of the many qualities that make Ed Judson the ideal husband for a Hollywood star, Rita Hayworth today has one of the most flourishing screen careers and the dove of happiness flies high in their domicile, tra-la.

You must know, first of all, that Ed Judson is a real guy, not a Hollywood husband who sits in the back seat while his wife drives him. Judson is a businessman and has been one for fifteen successful years. He was formerly an automobile dealer, and is now in the oil business. In fact, because he has proven himself before he married Rita, he is not resentful of the success and salary his wife gets, and is all the more anxious to promote her further success.

Although not directly in the motion picture industry, Ed Judson has had many friends in it for years. It was five years ago, and he had come to Hollywood after a long stay in New York. He asked a producer friend for the phone numbers of some girls and the friend gave him three numbers. Hesitantly, he added Rita's number too. "She's all right, but quiet. Does bit parts, nothing very much."

Eddie phoned the other girls (*Please turn to page 90*)

She's the streamlined sensation of the screen world—and if you want to know the reason, aside from her socko figure and all, find the man in the case! (He happens to be her husband, lucky man)



GINGER ROGERS IN



Can a girl be in love with three men at the same time? That's the question asked and answered in this sparkling fictionization of Ginger Rogers' new romantic comedy, with George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshall as the three lovers in her life!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen



OH, THE movie was wonderful, really wonderful! Janie leaned forward in the darkened theater and her heart leaned forward too, reaching toward the girl on the screen who had come through her baptism of suffering and now was reaping her reward in these few minutes of unutterable ecstasy.

She could have been Janie, that girl, with her hair worn in the same long, curled bob, her dark lashes sweeping over eyes that anyone would know were blue even though the picture wasn't in technicolor, a nose tipped ever so slightly heavenwards and a gamin smile that, it had turned out, was just so much money in the bank to a working girl. For she was a telephone operator, just like Janie, and a millionaire's son was in love with her, which wasn't like Janie at all.

It had been so thrilling, every minute of it, the things he said to her and the things she said to him. Janie wished she could think of things like that to say, quick, right on the instant. But it wouldn't make much difference even if she did, she thought wistfully, with only Tom to say them to—and he was too down to earth and practical to appreciate romance. All he thought of was getting ahead.

He hadn't even appreciated the picture. "Say," he said as they sat over their sundaes a few minutes afterwards. "It wasn't true to life. You think a rich fellow like that would marry a poor girl like that?"

"Why, of course he would," Janie said indignantly. "He loved her, didn't he?"

"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"



Copyright 1941 by RKO-Radio Pictures.
Complete cast and credits on Page 67.

Ginger Rogers is at her gay, enchanting best as the heroine of grand new picture—above, with her three leading men: Burgess Meredith, George Murphy, Alan Marshall. Far left below, with Meredith; below, with George.

"Yeah, well, sure, I guess he did." Tom looked skeptical. "What d'ya say we drive out to Inspiration Point for awhile?"

They might as well, Janie thought, there wasn't anything else to do. So they got into Tom's sedan which he had been able to buy wholesale since he sold cars and drove out to the lake a few miles beyond the town. There was a moon and the night was warm, so the place was crowded with cars and it didn't look as if they'd be able to find a place but Tom finally managed to park. He was a go-getter, Tom was. He usually managed to get the things he wanted.

"Janie," he said. "I guess tonight has seemed to you like any other night we've had a date together. But it hasn't been. I may have been acting the same, but something happened today that changes everything. I closed the R. J. Hamilton deal! Yep, thirty special sedans. And that's not all. I was promoted! From now on I'm assistant sales manager."

Janie tried to look impressed, but she wasn't really. Tom was always getting promoted. She'd have much rather just sat there lost in her own dreams than be talking about Tom's job. In her dreams anything could happen.

Tom took a deep breath then. "I've done it all for *you,* Janie," he said. "You don't belong in that phone company, getting up early and plugging calls all day. You deserve something better, and I'm gonna get it for you. I'm asking you to marry me. Will you?"





What's a girl to do, when three nice fellows are in love with her and she likes—all three? Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry" which we present to you in fiction form, just can't seem to make up her mind!

At left, JANIE (played by Ginger Rogers) tries to look impressed when TOM (George Murphy) tells her of his promotion and asks her to marry him. She'd have much rather just sat there lost in her own dreams—for in her dreams anything could happen. On another date, this time with HARRY (Burgess Meredith) she gets another proposal and gets herself engaged—all over again!





All her life Janie had dreamed of the supreme moment, when a man would ask her to marry him. It had always been so exciting and glamorous, just the way things happened in her favorite movies. But this wasn't anything at all. Tom's voice was just the way it always was when he was talking about cars and business and things. He didn't look deep into her eyes or sigh tenderly.

"No," she said and as soon as the word was out of her mouth she was frightened. What if no one else ever asked her? What if this was the nearest she was ever going to come to romance? And she did like Tom, she might even love him for all she knew. Besides, Mom and Pop were all for him. They said he was a young man who was going to go places. "Well," she amended hastily, "I don't mean no, *exactly*. I mean no right now. I'll have to think about it."

"What do you mean, you'll have to think about it?" Tom demanded. "You wanna marry a rich guy, is that it?"

"If I love him," Janie said almost apologetically.

"But I tell you, I'm gonna be rich," Tom insisted. "Why, I'll have my own agency in another two years!"

"Aw, Tom, that isn't it," Janie said softly. "You probably *will* be rich and even if you weren't, maybe I'd marry you anyway. It isn't that. I just wanna *think* about it."

"Aw, Janie, please say yes," Tom said, and he couldn't have put more into selling a car than in trying to sell Janie. Why, his voice was almost trembling. "You don't know what it means to me. I'll work my head off. I need you, Janie. I love you!"

"You do?" Janie looked at him impressed. "When you think of me, do you melt inside, like a candy bar?"

"Sure," Tom said fervently. "Aw, Janie, you gotta say yes. You gotta! I'll just commit suicide if you don't.

Of course, the romantic problem confronting Ginger can be fun! Almost any girl would enjoy the thrill of being pursued by three—count 'em!—three charming men. Well, which one would you choose?



HARRY and TOM (at right) don't know it but they're engaged—to the same girl! Below, out with HARRY, JANIE listens to the mechanical fortune teller chant: "When you kiss the man you love, bells will ring in Heaven above." But JANIE—having acquired a third fiance, the wealthy DICK (played by Alan Marshall)—is more puzzled than ever, though completely surrounded by romance.





What are you trying to do, drive me nuts? I'm not asking you for a dance. I'm asking you to marry me."

"Well, if you put it that way, all right," Janie said slowly.

Maybe it wasn't the way she'd dreamed of it happening. Janie thought as she went in and told Mom and Pop about it. Only she wasn't going to kid herself any longer and keep on dreaming of Prince Charming. She'd been waiting for him too long, and she was twenty-five now and after all twenty-five was nearer to thirty than it was to twenty. Better to play it safe and thank heavens at that she was lucky enough to have anyone as nice as Tom proposing to her. After all, there weren't many men with a nice, wide grin like Tom's. And besides, his breezy personality had a way of creeping under the skin.

Janie couldn't wait to get into bed and think it over. That was where she did her real dreaming, not asleep really, just lying there thinking and thinking how she would like things if she could fix it so that they would come out her way. Only this time she couldn't use only her imagination for it wasn't of some man she'd never met that she was dreaming. She had to dream of Tom since he was the one she was going to marry and knowing just how Tom was, she had to make him that way really.

"Do you, Janie, take this man to love, honor and live happily ever after and no fair getting a divorce?" she mused, and it was so real she could almost swear it was the preacher's voice and not her own asking it. And then after she'd said "I do," she heard the voice go on. "Do you, Tom, take this woman to love, honor and sell a million cars, so long as you both shall live?" And then, "I now pronounce you a lovely couple."

So they were married, there in Janie's dream, and the pillow she was burrowing her head in became a neat little green apron of a lawn and there was the house and especially the (*Continued on page 66*)



McCrea in latest screen rôle, opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "The Great Man's Lady." At right, in current film, "Reaching for the Sun," with Ellen Drew. Exclusive home pictures with his wife, Frances Dee, are below

WELL now, *are* they? Sometimes you have no doubts left. The things they do, actually—! Certainly they live bewilderingly. No sooner are you sure about your particular favorites, anyway, than—*whoom!*—someone in pictures pulls something fantastic. No matter how often you've read that a movie star is, at heart, just as simple as the boy or girl next door you're still skeptical.

So for the real, honest answer to this persistent question the Editor of SCREENLAND sent me to the star whose reputation in Hollywood itself guarantees a reliable reply. Joel McCrea is second to none in the regard of his fellow movie stars because he is such an all-around success as a human being. No tale to his discredit has ever been whispered, and for ten years he has acted opposite dozens of famous actresses. Away from his work he is undeniably a very genuine guy. For seven years he's been happily married to beautiful Frances Dee; they have two husky young sons. Joel is on friendly terms with all the big names in Hollywood. Everything considered, what he can say packs an authentic ring.

Here, then, is what Joel said to me. Decide for yourself exactly how "nutty" they are after these disclosures. "I won't," he began firmly, "waste your time handing out whitewash! *Of course we're different!* The tune of our town is fast, unpredictable, and we've got to play along using our wits. No, we aren't like the boy and girl next door. But we're like they *could* be if they had our nerve! We haven't time to stand still. The competition's too keen.

"I know," said Joel, quickly to the point, "that 'they'—meaning the people who met a fellow who had a friend who heard from someone who was right there when it happened, no kidding!—are 'wise' to us Hollywood folks. Oh, perhaps and probably there are exceptions, 'they' will concede bigheartedly. But those sly, cutting adjectives, remember? Hollywood's a screwy place full of screwballs. It's the essence of superficiality, the phony Paradise-on-the-Pacific. To the sensational newspaper reporters, Hollywood is ticketed with heartbreak. To get gilded with glamor you must sacrifice friends, fun, privacy, and a normal life. The pace that thrills insidiously kills; I quote any 'would-be.' Who can also confide to you that in Hollywood there is no security, that you're ignored when you aren't rich and influential, and that getting ahead in the movies is the direct result of kow-towing to the powers-that-be until you can't look yourself in the face!

GOOD REASONS WHY JOEL McCREA KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS! HE'S RICH, SUCCESSFUL, HAS HAPPY HOME LIFE WITH LOVELY FRANCES DEE. HE EARNS HIS LIVING ACTING WITH FAMOUS WOMEN SUCH AS BARBARA STANWYCK, ELLEN DREW. READ EVERY WORD HE SAYS BECAUSE YOU CAN HONESTLY BELIEVE IT!



"But," smiled Joel, sitting across from me in the Paramount café, tall, tanned, and earnest, "you remember, also, the old chestnut? It takes a thief to catch a thief—? You're a darned sight more apt to be more right when you've been on the inside. An old settler doesn't leap to conclusions. I guess I can qualify as an old settler because I grew up in Hollywood. Literally. I delivered papers to Valentino, Wallace Reid, and DeMille on purpose; even as a kid I wanted to be in and of the excitement of Hollywood. I went to Hollywood High." He grinned. "I weathered the outlandish tid-bits they used to bait me with there. Gossips never add that what they present as morsels might have occurred once or twice, but sheer common sense would point out that nobody could repeat wild indulgences and continue as successes. I'm still being informed that every actress is years older than arithmetic can make her. I acted with Shirley Temple when the super-sleuths were definite about Shirley being a midget! But I felt Hollywood was for me, I aimed to get into the fun of climbing here, and I've never been sorry.

"Movie stars have different chances. They can earn big money while they are young. They can enjoy the rewards of life when the trimmings look most alluring. Consequently, they aren't slow, stuffy, stick-in-the-muds. They have to be constantly alert, or out the studio they will go and be forgotten twice as fast as they were discovered.

"Here's why we're different, in a nutshell. We dare to be ourselves because we're in a business that *lets* us be natural openly. We get more wallop from living because we don't disguise going after what we want. We're extremists on the surface; look underneath, (*Please turn to page 74*)

By Ben Maddox

We're not handing out any whitewash! You've read that movie stars are just as simple and homespun as the folks next door—but you don't believe it, do you? Of course not! If they weren't "different" they wouldn't be movie stars. Joel McCrea says so, and he knows!



Are Movie Stars Nuts?

Success Hasn't Spoiled *Him!*

Starred in his first picture, movie lover of Veronica Lake in his latest, and *still* not spoiled? It's the truth about Bill Holden, and you'll read the real reason here

By S. R. Mook

ONE of the most amazing young men to hit Hollywood in a long time is William Holden. He was starred in his first picture and he's been starred in every picture he's made since. Even Gable, Cooper, and Power were once extras! And yet in a way, Bill still doesn't know what time it is.

Don't misunderstand me, he is far from dumb—but in a city whose inhabitants pride themselves on their sophistication, his naïvete is—well, sort of breath-taking. His hesitancy—his unsureness—are rather on the refreshing side. Most young people, the moment they click, know exactly what they want (and aren't at all hesitant about demanding it) and exactly how things should be run. Not Bill.

When asked what kind of parts he wanted to play he looked at me in astonishment. "How should I know? I've only played six, and that's not enough for me to know what I can do best. If I'm what you'd call a juvenile, then I'd like to be a character juvenile. I don't want to do drawing room comedies because I don't think I have enough experience yet."

Humphrey Bogart remarked once that the thing he admired most about Bill is that the minute he landed solidly he didn't go around shooting off his mouth. He doesn't discuss things that are no concern of his, nor does he go around trying to convert everyone he meets to his way of thinking. When he isn't working he goes quietly about the business of having (*Please turn to page 96*)





If you like young Holden, and most of you do, you'll be interested in our story, because it tells why this boy can take success in his stride. Below, in "I Wanted Wings" with glamorous Veronica Lake. Above, with his very "best girl" Brenda Marshall.

'PARTNERS IN LOVE—AND CRIME!

Together again for the first time since "China Seas," Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell portray clever jewel thieves in the new film, "Unholy Partners." They reform when they fall in love



...ence S. Bull, M-G-M



"A WOMAN'S FACE"—
And FIGURE!

JOAN CRAWFORD

celebrates her return to the screen with a marvellous collection of new clothes! We show you the Sequin Series—on this page, a white dinner dress whose only decoration consists of a silver star on each wrist and a row of stars around the neckline.



JOAN'S ALGERIAN MOOD

Interesting dinner frock worn by the star has an Oriental skirt of metal cloth striped with red, blue, yellow, and green, topped by a blouse of soothing pale green.

All fashion photographs of Joan Crawford by Carpenter, M-G-M

Star-Shine in Sequins



When a star like Crawf
sponsors sequins, you
be sure others will follo
Joan is a style-setter
American femininity. H
she wears a simple din
gown of heavy white cr
its one ornament a
sequin bow in midnight



Dark Glamor

It takes beauty plus daring plus unerring instinct for drama to wear this spectacular gown, but Joan Crawford has all the qualifications. Black beads and sequins, classic square neckline, long slim skirt, topped by a jacket with a gold heart

Photographs by Mack Elliott

MAN POWER VS.

When the men are George Raft and Edward G. Robinson, and the woman is Marlene Dietrich — watch for fireworks!

Warner Bros. are famous for giving you sensationally strong entertainment from 'way back: remember "Public Enemy," "Little Caesar," and later "They Drive By Night" and "High Sierra." Now they have done it again with "Man Power," combining the vivid talents of Robinson and Raft and adding the dynamite beauty of Dietrich. Here are first scenes from the exciting picture.







A WOMAN!

SHE STARTED IT ALL





Rare photographs from our files show Lana, at left, in the famous sweat that started the whole thing—extremely modest it looks now, but what sensation it caused when she first wore it in "They Won't Forget." L above, a scene from that film in which Lana played the high-school girl w was murdered. At right, her very first "leg art," prelude to climb to fam



Our new pictures at left and below, and across the page at right, prove that the original Sweater Girl was really a modest little thing. Far left, blonde bombshell Veronica Lake in the first, and probably the last sweater pose you will ever see of her—Paramount wants to concentrate on her acting ability. Brenda Joyce, left, and Gene Tierney, below, carry on the noble tradition. Facing page, pretty Anne Gwynne has no sweater problems at all.



Lana Turner was the original Sweater Girl — but look at 'em now!





e photographic treasures from our files. Left above, Lana Turner on the pus of Hollywood High School just before signing her first movie con- . At right above, another sweater pose—yes, this demure little girl ally turned into tempestuous Lana Turner. At right, Lana turns her back he whole sweater question. She's a big star now with star-bright future.





YES! "SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"

We can't think of any star who would be more graceful in the title rôle of above-mentioned movie than Joan Bennett. You see her, here, going all-out for blue in a beautiful gown designed by Bernard Newman. You'll see her on the screen with John Hubbard and Franchot Tone in Columbia's brand-new comedy.

A. L. Whitey Schafer

HE'S "SUNNY" OTHERWISE ANNA NEAGLE



Current craze for movie musicals gives Anna Neagle top spot in her field. The vivacious blonde from Britain has her most glamorous rôle in Herbert Wilcox's latest film, "Sunny," in which Anna is seen in the dance pictured here.

Kahle, RKO-Radio

Welbourne

GORGEOUS!

Nobody knows—yet—if Georgia Carroll can act; but nobody—so far—cares, as long as the beautiful New York ex-model continues to look like this. Miss Carroll can be seen in "Affectionately Yours," and with a new Warner contract she is being groomed for increasingly important parts. Excellent!

ONE-PICTURE-A-YEAR MAN

Canny Colman keeps right on as a top-flight star after all these years — because he maintains his policy of appearing in just one movie a year, and that one his own personal story selection. His first since "Lucky Partners" will be on the screens soon. It's "My Life with Caroline"



hn Miehle,
CO-Radio

And the Bride

Since her marriage, Bette has emerged from her seclusion and takes her place as a smart young matron, chic and clothes-conscious, as well as Hollywood's First Actress and First Citizen









Top, the bride wears dinner pajamas of jersey in shades of banana, sage green, and carnelian red. Center, afternoon dress of dusty pink silk with navy blue print, worn with large black shiny straw hat. At right, the bride wears blue and white sailor collar and cuffs of striped cotton. Her white piqué flat-crowned sailor has a navy blue feather. Far right, the indispensable gabardine suit of soft white; with it, sports blouse, pork-pie felt and shorty gloves of attractive yellow.

Wore

Bette Davis, now Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth in private life, and the co-star of James Cagney on the screen in "The Bride Came C. O. D.," graciously poses here in her new clothes









Bare midriff, so important in the fashion picture, is worn by Bette Davis, above. Her sunburst pleated skirt of brilliant red jersey is topped off with a sweater embroidered in red and green. Center, the bride's favorite dinner gown of red and white print, with huge red tulip corsage. At left, she finds the bolero becoming, in this jacket dress in a soft shade of grey with pleated collar and cuffs of chalk white. Far left, powder-blue wool jersey two-piece, topped with dashing off-the-face chapeau.

Exclusive photographs by Wallaston, Warner Bros.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From "Belle Starr"

The heroine of "Belle Starr" is Gene Tierney, shown in closeup at right in her strongest rôle, that of a girl outlaw of the West. Our Best Still, above, pictures Louise Beavers of the well-chosen cast.



HEROINE to her Hairdresser



If you want the real low-down on any girl, movie star or not, consult her hairdresser! Here's what Priscilla Lane's "Turpy" thinks of her cute boss

By

Marion Cooper

"Turpy" is not only Priscilla's hairdresser but her chum. Below, "Pat" turns the tables. Lower left, the two girls study the latest Lane script.



YOU'VE met Priscilla Lane's "Turpy" in print before—when various columnists told you how the youngest of the Lanes was helping her attractive hairdresser crash the movies. That was just a gag, meant to go no further than the set where it originated. The reason it hit the papers is due entirely to the fact that Priscilla, or Pat as everyone calls her, has a gift for dead-pan joking that enables her to tell "whoppers" convincingly. Helen Turpin, the butt of this particular whopper, told me about it at lunch recently, when I asked her to talk about Pat. And when Turpy talks about Pat her eyes glow with pleasure.

"She was posing for stills, and asked me to sit in for her a minute while the cameraman got set," Turpy said. "A studio publicity man happened by and wanted to know what it was all about." Turpy laughed. "Pat told him seriously that I wanted a chance in the movies, and was having my picture taken as the first step. We didn't think he'd actually fall for it," she finished, shaking her dark head. But she wasn't counting on the fact that this particular publicity man hadn't her four years' experience with the Priscilla Lane brand of humor.

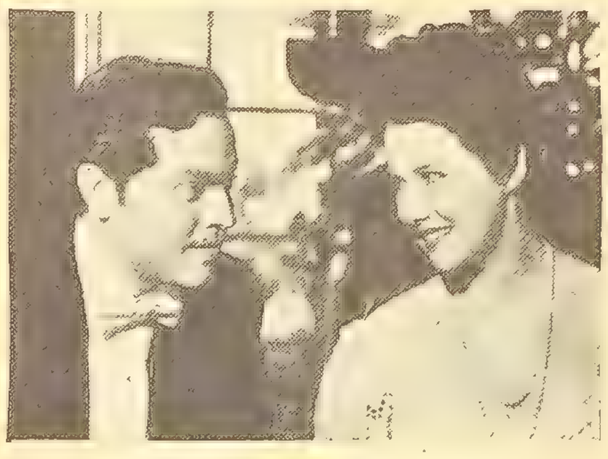
"I met Pat when she first came to Hollywood, for Warner Brothers' 'Varsity Show.' All she knew about pictures (*Please turn to page 86*)

SCREENLAND · SEAL OF APPROVAL ·

Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money



The Picture to See:

"CITIZEN KANE"

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It is the most controversial picture since "The Birth of a Nation." It is the much publicized, long awaited first film venture of that young genius from radio and the theater, Orson Welles—and it confounds his critics by being great.

It tells the life story of a famous newspaper publisher, using entirely new and radical technique. A fascinating account of material success and spiritual failure, it opens a fresh field for future films. There is stark drama, bitter satire, and many vivid characterizations to color the narrative.

It is revolutionary in lighting and camera angles, making most films seem old-fashioned—in fact, "Citizen Kane" will force Hollywood to experiment in every department of production.

It may puzzle that part of the movie public which insists upon obvious hokum, but it is daring and dynamic entertainment for every fan with a spark of imagination. And I hope—I *know*—this includes all of YOU.

RKO-Radio

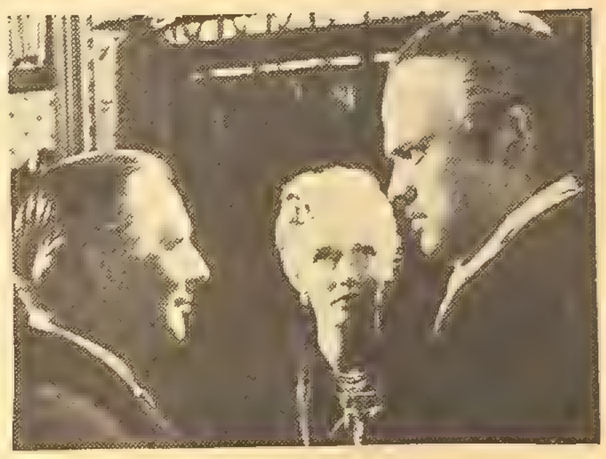


The Man Who Made It:

ORSON WELLES

At 25, Orson Welles is the one authentic genius of show business. First, he is a great showman, splurging in the spectacular and reveling in the unconventional. Second, he is a great director, uninhibited and inspired. Third, he is a great actor, of tremendous vitality, rich voice and unerring technique. In other words, Welles is the Man of the Hour; he has shouted, "Wake up, Hollywood!" and Hollywood has been forced to acknowledge the challenge. So will you movie fans.

In his rôle of an American newspaper tycoon, which takes him from youth to old age, Welles has ample opportunity to prove his high place among screen actors. He dominates every scene; sometimes he gives the stage to another player but even with his back to the camera, Welles is the star.



The Great Cast:

MERCURY PLAYERS

Most of the cast of "Citizen Kane" is composed of members of Welles' Mercury Theater from New York. As directed by Welles, each actor is perfection in the part assigned to him. The best are:

Everett Sloane as *Kane's* business manager, ironic portrait of a shrewd unsentimental man.

Joseph Cotten as *Kane's* friend who always told him the truth and was eventually fired for it—Cotten has a permanent place in pictures because he is a personable player who can *act.*

George Coulouris as the somewhat sinister guardian of the *Kane* riches—a noted stage actor at his best.

Last but far from least, Dorothy Comingore as *Kane's* second wife—a relentless closeup of the pretty woman who never wanted to be put on a pedestal and finally walked out of *Kane's* life. As Linda Winters Miss Comingore was cold-shouldered by Hollywood. It remained for Welles to discover and exploit her unusual talents. Ruth Warrick as the first wife has dignity and grace in a difficult rôle.

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

I Delight Svams

"GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

FUN!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

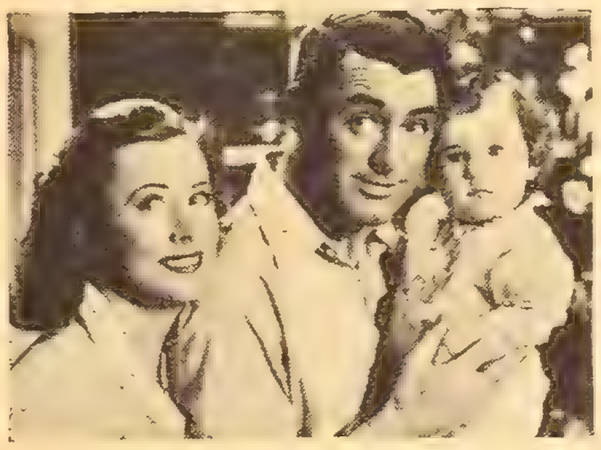
It is a companion-piece to "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Tin Pan Alley"—if you liked them, you'll enjoy this even more, for its gay and giddy low-down on radio broadcasting in the '20's.

It's so crammed with laughs, good tunes, fast dancing and frank fun, you can't carp about the trite, thin story. If you are a radio fan you will be amused at the adventures of the broadcasting pioneers back in the good (?) old days of crystal sets and static, with the first coast-to-coast hookup as a climax.

It's a pleasure to report that, once more, Jack Oakie steals the show. He is louder, bolder, and funnier than ever as a wireless tinkerer who loses Alice Faye to John Payne but prospers in radio and gags nevertheless. Mr. Payne is handsomer, Miss Faye likewise than in other recent assignments. Sweet Alice looks herself again after her unhappy "Night in Rio."

20th Century-Fox

"PENNY SERENADE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

APPEALING!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

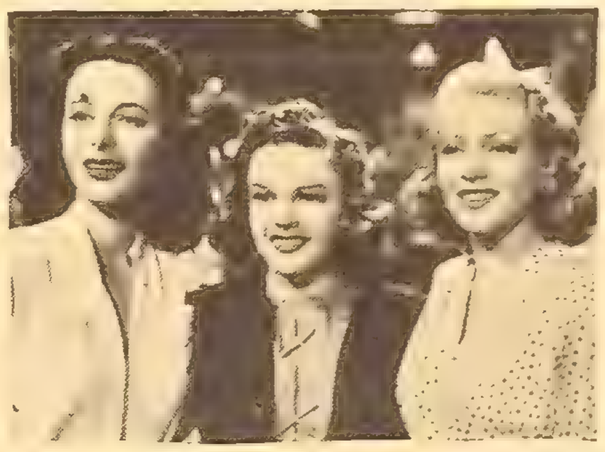
You liked Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"—and now they're together again in this charming picture which is often as funny as that first hit, and also grand and weepy—so bring out the hankies.

It is sentimental, yes—but only Ned Sparks could fail to be moved by the everyday experiences of a nice, small-town couple who adopt a baby. They cherish the child until she is six, when she dies. Their adjustment to their grief provides poignant appeal, and when they adopt a two-year-old boy you can hear the audience swallowing the lump in its collective throat.

Irene Dunne is just right as the wife—she is an irresistible compound of womanly tenderness and understanding, always believable as a small-town matron, never reminding of the Hollywood star. Cary Grant is good as her husband despite his spectacular goods looks—imagine Cary cooped up in a small town, we can't.

Columbia

"ZIEGFELD GIRL"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

GORGEOUS!

SEE IT BECAUSE:

It is the most lavish musical show to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time—M-G-M has gone "all out" in everything, including girls, glitter, scenery, stars—and Jimmy Stewart.

It has those spectacular production numbers with eyefilling beauties and incredible gowns and smart songs which are such a feast to you fans of this gaudy form of film entertainment—only you'd better wear your smoked glasses; to watch not only the parades of the glorified girls, but also to see Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner in one film—wow!

Lana Turner as the tragic beauty of the Ziegfeld girls easily struts away with the show. For the first time she has a chance to turn in a performance rather than merely a pose, and she proves she's an actress as well as a sensational siren. Judy Garland is cutest as the ambitious girl, with Hedy Lamarr being so beautiful as—ahem—the domestic type.

M-G-M

SEZ "COOP"





Shyest "big star" of 'em all, Gary Cooper is also the "sweetest," though acutely miserable under the interviewer's lash. But he liked *this* interview and you'll know why when you've read it. At right, Cooper in his latest characterization, "Sergeant York," with Joan Leslie. Far right, two touching scenes from this film of World War I, based on real-life hero.

COOP doesn't talk easily for publication. A modest man, he's never succeeded in persuading himself that anything he has to say is worth printing. He has, on the other hand, a sense of responsibility and enough kindliness for a dozen. When people ask him to talk, these two sets of impulses clash.

Six feet of lean, tanned brawn, dressed in the farm clothes of *Sergeant York*—in which he looks and feels comfortable—he entered the Green Room, where Warner players eat. He sat down, grinning that grin—which looks bashful, whether it is or not, which breaks slowly over his face as if a candle had been lighted somewhere inside—ordered a healthy meal and ate. While he was eating, his hands were busy. When he'd finished, you could tell by the hands how things were going. If they were quiet, it meant that questions were being held within fairly impersonal bounds. If he started twisting a handkerchief around them, it meant the contrary.

There are few questions he refuses outright to answer. But he's so acutely miserable under certain lines of inquiry, that only a sadist could resist. Especially in view of his own sweet reasonableness. "If I weren't in the movies myself," he said, "I'd be one of those hanging around the studio gates, wanting to know all about the stars."

Which supplied a solution and the formula for this story. Suppose, Coop, we supposed, you *were* one of those hanging around the studio gates. What would you want to know about a guy named Gary Cooper?

He chuckled. "Now you've *really* got your hooks in me! Asking the questions and giving the answers both. Is that the idea?"

That's the idea. Coop, the fan, picked the questions—more or less. Coop, the star, answered them. Drawling, hesitant now and then, but for the most part freely. Once in a while, he'd fold his lips together, the grin would break through, and from under his brows he'd eye you like a kid who has his own secret source of amusement. That meant, let's skip it. For the rest, it went something like this:

COOP—First thing I'd like to know is, how did you

Gary Cooper told us: "If I weren't in the movies myself, I'd be one of those hanging around the studio gates, wanting to know all about the stars!" Which gave us the idea for this unusual interview, in which "Coop" asks the questions and Cooper gives all the answers!

By Ida Zeitlin

TO COOPER







ever get into the movies? Because when you started, the leading men were all very handsome fellows, and you certainly can't class yourself as such. No offense meant!

COOPER—None taken. It happened this way. I'd run into cowboys I knew on Hollywood Boulevard. Fellows with big hats who were picking up a few odd bucks, riding horses and stuff. In those days, there were horses and cowboys in every picture. They said, why don't you try your luck? I said, why don't I? Got my first extra job in a Tom Mix picture. That was at the end of the silent era. Mix was making a whale of a salary every week—seventeen thousand or something. I stood there in the crowd, I saw him come in, all togged out fancy, ride up some steps, pick up a girl, mumble a few words and ride off. I said to myself, this is the business. I can ride up steps too, pick up a girl and make my lips move without saying anything. I never saw myself as a star. That's the truth, so quit giving me the eye! I thought maybe eventually, with more work and more experience—I had plenty of trouble finding work, by the way—I thought I might get to playing heavies, being the guy who comes round to collect the mortgage, the guy that gets hissed, not kissed.

COOP—How come you got changed around?

COOPER—Styles changed.

COOP—You wouldn't want to go into that a little further?

COOPER—Nothing to go into. It's a dead end.

COOP—Little shy, huh? (*Please turn to page 87*)



THAT "FINISHING" BUSINESS

Thoughts on Good Grooming

By Courtenay Marvin

THERE are faces that can hold the rapt attention like a magnet holds a pin. Often such faces have not one perfect feature. There are girls who cause men instinctively and admiringly to turn their heads when they enter an elevator or walk along the street. This is not boldness but the homage paid to loveliness. Upon analysis, such girls have just about what most have. They aren't so startlingly different from those who practically must announce themselves before anyone ever sees them. What makes this vital difference? It isn't beauty, alone; it isn't personality; it isn't any one thing but a combination of several. It is a kind of white magic—the art of putting yourself together perfectly, so that you make a picture to others. And it is a great big plus in favor of the skirted group, whether eight years old or eighty. It works its same magic with the boys and the men, too.

Maybe some are born with this consummate art. But I doubt it. I think it is acquired like any skill. And any skill takes care, painstaking care in every detail. From the French, we have the word chic for this perfection in assembling self. Here, we use the words, good grooming. Basically, it is the result of care, and without it, you simply can't have that look of perfection. You can't make the world stop and look at you with admiration.

In Hollywood, there are some notable examples of this art of assembling self. Foremost, I would name Irene Dunne, blessed with beauty, yes, and a smile and a voice, not forgetting figure and conversational ability. But not one of these assets alone would give her a reputation for chic. It is the whole of them, packaged and perfectly wrapped together. Then there is Carole Lombard, who cuts a definite figure of distinction. And there is Claudette Colbert and there are others.

But, please note that we don't find so much of this particular quality among the younger stars and players. They haven't it because it takes time to acquire it. Every girl and woman ought to grow in good looks and attractiveness. Barring real decrepitude through age, every one of us ought to have something at this time that we didn't have at the same season in 1940. Many women should adjust their mental processes on the subject of age. Too many think that after twenty-six or thereabouts they ought to begin to lose something. Perhaps only the adolescent girl with braces on her teeth, her straight hair still *sans* permanent, a face without the grace of one make-up touch and a figure much too much or much too little has the straight thinking viewpoint, "Well, maybe I'll look better when I'm older."

Why not start in right now and make time work to your benefit in good looks? Look back over the years, if you need inspiration, and remember how Alice Faye looked when she first came to the screen; how the dramatic and stirring Ida Lupino was a little blonde fluff like dozens of others; how the Oscar-winning Ginger Rogers was just another good dancer striving for a foothold in Hollywood. Look at these girls today. Each has acquired something special in talent and in appearance, too. Time has sculptured the mould of these personalities. And it applies to their appearance, also.

Self-improvement in grooming is a course open to every one of us. And Summer is a perfect time to begin, because if we don't care much about our appearance when the frost is on the pumpkin, we won't give a good hang with July temperatures. "Doing it the hard way is the secret of success," said a big business executive to me recently. It seems to me, too, that the girls who graduated in June and are looking forward to careers might find this a perfect time to practice up on the kind of appearance that does open doors of opportunity.

Since grooming is a kind of orderliness, then your very first step is to inaugurate some kind of ordered plan for your better looks. You (*Please turn to page 80*)



Two studies of Irene Dunne, as you will see her in "Unfinished Business." Opposite, lovely, pensive. Above, gay, glamorous, with admiring Robert Montgomery and Preston Foster. Such popularity is, indeed, deserved.

feedbox dope

Gene and Champ are a hit wherever they go, and this story tells you just why. Our exclusive new pictures show Gene with young admirer on personal appearance; at home with his wife; putting Champ through his paces; and, facing page, greeting the crowds in Washington, D. C., recently; working on location; and exterior of the Autry home in Hollywood.

KEEP it simple! After an exhaustive survey of Gene Autry from all inside angles: his director, his writer, and his horse, Champ, we come up with this Ben Franklinish axiom. Keep it simple, yes, but be very careful that your simplicity is as complicated as is that of Autry. Like you, we have been curious to find the formula for that cozy clink of gold that constitutes the sound effect for the Autry epics. Any dunce can see that the guy has that naïve and simple charm, but it is also fairly obvious that it must take more than that to (*Please turn to page 93*)





Decorations by Leonard Frank

on Gene Autry

By Linn Lambert



Keep it simple! That's the secret of Gene's success—and Champ's, too!





Bing Crosby looks anything but scared by the menacing lethal weapons and makeup of Pat O'Brien and Bob Hope, right, celebrating at the Red, White and Blue Party.

PITY the poor movie star who is sensitive to public opinion. Claudette Colbert is such a person. And because of it, she had to forego a trip to New York with a party of friends. Claudette confided that she'd rather stay home than go without her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, who is officially enrolled in the Navy. The last time she went, her entire days were spent in denying those separation rumors.

UNLESS her plans change at the last minute, Jean Parker is packing bag and baggage and brushing up on her Spanish. Lucrative offers from South America, too tempting to refuse, are pouring in. Jean is fed up with Hollywood and short-sighted producers who just *won't* see her as anything else but a gingham girl, with a fawn snapping at her heels. Douglas Dawson, Jean's new husband, is a member of the Officers' Reserve. He may be called any moment, which is another reason why Jean doesn't want to remain alone at "Sands Park," their new ranch house in the San Fernando Valley.

WHAT'S this about Dorothy Lamour furnishing (herself) a brand new apartment out in Westwood Village? No decorator was called in but the delivery man for a large department store vouchsafed the information—if you want to take a delivery man's word for it. Dorothy has admitted that she is tired of living in her Coldwater Canyon house, but no one has ever heard her say that she *wasn't* living in it. Looking ahead, Dotty?

ON THE set where John Barrymore is king, the great profile holds court. One day there were a bevy of beauties playing in the scene. One in particular caught John's eye. If she was interested in his admiring looks, she showed no signs. Finally, they went into the scene. Walking down a long flight of steps, the young lady caught her heel in her hem and almost tripped. Barrymore rose to his feet and ambled over toward the girl.

"Do you need any help," he inquired solicitously.

"I do *not*," was the frigid reply. "But I think *I'd* better help *YOU*."



**Len Weissman*

Here's

Short Takes on Big News Concerning Cinema Celebrities. It's the Latest Lowdown on the Hottest Events

Cinema's most glamorous queens, Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett, left below, chew the rag animatedly at the Ambassador. Quite in contrast, right, John Hubbard simply can't keep his mind on his "She Knew All the Answers" lines with temptress Eve Arden carrying on so. Bewitched, he follows in her footsteps.









The charity party held in the Fiesta Room of the Ambassador attracted Hollywood's happiest marrieds. Grinning gleefully, left, the George Burns and Dick Powells.

Len Weissman

Hollywood

By Weston East

IT MAY have been a publicity stunt when Jane Russell's mother raised such a fuss about certain poses that were shot. But it's no stunt and the Hays office aren't too pleased at Jane's well-rounded out publicity campaign. So you can imagine how much success a brassiere company is going to have, trying to get Jane's bosses to endorse their product. Wonder what their slogan is going to be? At one time there was an "uplift" company on Sunset Boulevard. Its window displayed this sign: "What God has forgotten, we stuff with cotton!"

SOCIETY note: Judy Canova, who is doing a Republic picture with Francis Lederer, is teaching him hill-billy talk and hog callin'.

MERLE OBERON is a lady who believes one should indulge in whims. Being a rich and famous movie star, she naturally can afford to do it. Recently, she vacationed in Tucson, Arizona. First she fell in love with a horse they gave her to ride. She bought it on the spot. Then one day she came across a huge six foot cactus plant growing in the heart of the desert. Quicker than you can say "Alexander Korda," she had it dug up, boxed and shipped back for her garden in Hollywood. Now all she needs is a few sand dunes to go with it.

IT'S kind of cute on Carole Lombard's part. Because she is so happy living out on a ranch, every time someone has a birthday she sends him or her a complete western outfit. Carole and Clark are looking for huge acreage in Northern California. The Fred MacMurrays are interested too. They may buy together and build on adjoining properties. The MacMurrays want to raise citrus fruit. Clark and Carole want to raise among other things, cattle.

IT'S a shame to spoil their secret, but they won't be able to keep it long in Hollywood, anyway. Young Michael Ames, who made quite a hit in the New York stage play, "My Sister Eileen," is now in pictures. His studio doesn't know it but two months ago he married June Curtis, promising young actress.



Using her fan as a foil, Eve manages to get John's mind completely off the lines of the script. Eve, below, appears a bit overcome by John's handling of the situation from that point on. To change the subject Bing Crosby, below right, absorbed in old-fashioned slide at the recent Hollywood Guild charity party.

Len Weissman







Len Weissman

Jerry Colonna and Judy Canova, left, exchange tall fish tales at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Above, Henry Fonda and Mrs. MacMurray register delight at Fred's quips

THEIR best friends are whispering about Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien. According to this source of information, Nancy is very unhappy and a divorce is in the offing. Originally they started out in life as childhood sweethearts. After years of separation they came together again when Nancy was loaned to RKO, to play opposite Edmond in "Parachute Battalion." Then followed a series of on-again, off-again romantic moments. Then an elopement to Yuma. The marriage is just a few months old and if there is trouble, here's hoping it's just of those first-year adjustment things.

BESIDES his sister's children, Ray Milland is bringing over two other children from London. They will remain with the Millands until the war is over.

THAT feud between George Raft and Edward G. Robinson isn't publicity stuff. George was plenty peeved because Eddie constantly wanted to keep adding to his own lines. According to George, Eddie was talking *all* the time. Marlene Dietrich remained neutral, though she certainly prefers George's company between shots. In "Man Power" you will see a handsomer George Raft. Not only did Dietrich suggest new makeup changes for George, but the special lighting effects she insists on for herself, make George look like an Apollo.

DESPITE repeated denials, the rumor is still prevalent that Veronica Lake and her brand new art director husband aren't living under the same roof. Her studio denies it in no uncertain terms. His studio representatives shrug their shoulders indifferently and make no attempt to affirm or deny.

HOLLYWOOD hostesses have been so puzzled at Hedy Lamarr's behavior. They invite the lovely lady, along with John Howard, to dinner. Hedy accepts eagerly. Then a few short moments before serving time, she calls up and asks to be excused. It's happened several times and some Hollywood hostesses vow they will never ask Hedy again. There *is* a good reason and it's this. Hedy hasn't been well and is on a strict diet. She's afraid of refusing invitations because she does appreciate being asked and doesn't want to offend. Then, as dinner hour approaches she gets panicky about her diet and she doesn't want to bother anyone to fix special food for her. So she decides not to go. Her illness isn't serious and soon she will be her sweet self again.

Below, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Bob Stack and Olivia de Havilland at the Ambassador. Pretty Marjorie Woodworth, left, dressed up and really going places in pictures.

OF COURSE it may have only *looked* that way, but people at surrounding tables were sure that Judy Garland did a slow burn. Less than a year ago Kathryn Grayson was a green kid around the lot. Judy was just one of the big family and showed her the ropes. Then came the night of "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Kathryn scored a great hit. After the preview a supper party was given at Ciro's. Kathryn, according to eye witnesses, came in with a chaperon. Seeing Judy at a table as she passed her Kathryn tweeked her under the chin and said: "Isn't it kind of late for little girls to be out?" It seems Judy no like.

OUR favorite story of the month. Philip Dorn (the darling of the Dutch) has been in this country long enough to have heard about a story pertaining to a little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in a small hole in the dam and saved Holland. This is supposed to be a true story of Holland, taught to all young American boys. Dorn went to the library on the M-G-M lot and asked if he could read about it. He had never heard the story before!

Len Weissman









ingsiders at the Cocoanut Grove, Norma hearer and Charles Boyer, above. A different scort for a different occasion seems to be livia's idea. Right, with Franchot Tone.

WITHOUT doubt, the happiest couple in Hollywood today are Janet Gaynor and drian. The famous designer is completing series of oil paintings. He will hold an xhibit in the fall. Janet has become interested in painting too. Her medium is ater color. In between dabs she is reading hort stories, books and original scripts. avid Selznick wants Janet for another cture. If she does one, it will have to good enough to tear her away from her ung son Robin. Janet wants to do a love ory. She feels right now there is a crying eed for a great love story on the screen.

BELIEVE it or not, there are some people in the world who *don't* think Mickey ooney is God's gift to humanity. In a ttle Beverly Hills shop, famous for its e cream sodas, Mickey and his buddies ere hammering out a new tune. Their usical instruments consisted of three poons, a sugar bowl and a metal paper apkin container. A party sitting in the ext booth were so annoyed, they got up the middle of their sodas and indignantly aunted out of the shop. What's more, they idn't pay their checks.

DIRECTOR Howard Hawks and one of his writers were arguing as to how Gary Cooper would play a scene. Gary stood between the two, listening to what each had to say. The argument grew longer. Gary sat down on the ground at their feet. Five more minutes went by. The two men reached a decision and turned to explain it to Gary. He was sleeping as peacefully as a new-born babe!

BOB TAYLOR got a ticket for double parking on the Sunset Strip. The reason? He saw a hat in a milliner's window that just cried out for Barbara Stanwyck. Bob often picks out things for his devoted wife. What's more, she always wears 'em.

IT MAY be love, spinach juice or doctor's orders. Anyway, Greta Garbo has a new health habit and a pretty one it is. For one hour daily at two or three minute intervals, the celebrated Sphynx stops everything and proceeds to stand on her head. What's more, she balances beautifully. We're not advising this procedure for what ails you, but for Greta it is supposed to aid her in digesting her food.

Freddie Brisson and Cary Grant, below, center their rapt attention upon Rosalind Russell. A scene, right, from "Broadway Limited" with Marjorie Woodworth and Dennis O'Keefe.

IT MAY not be a hot romance, but they look awfully cute together. Who do we mean? Why Ouspenskaya and Rudy Vallee, of course. One day Rudy walked in on Madame's school quite unexpectedly. He stayed and watched the classes at work. Then he invited "Ouspy" to come to his next broadcast. Rudy, by the way, should look much different in his next picture. Most gals would give their best mink to have his wavy hair. But the famous crooner hates it and has found a Hollywood beauty parlor that has a special process for straightening curly hair. It's quite a headache having it done, but worth it.

THE crew cut at 20th-Century who worked with Jack Oakie have more than one reason for thinking he's just about tops. This particular studio starts production at eight o'clock in the morning. All of which means that actresses have to arise at five. This gets them into the studio makeup department at six. It takes two hours for them to sit under driers, get made up, dressed, etc., to be ready by eight. The men who wear makeup have to be in the makeup chair by seven. Jack doesn't have to sit under a drier and he doesn't wear makeup. But he warned them that it would be a nine o'clock call for him and nine o'clock it was. As a result, everyone else got to sleep an hour later too.





YOU won't be seeing Ida Lupino for awhile on the screen. After she finishes "Ladies in Retirement" (her first picture with husband Louis Hayward), Ida is planning a six months' rest for herself. Two years ago "mad Idsy" couldn't get a job for love nor money, in Hollywood. Now her mother and family are frankly worried over the way she is over-taxing herself to fill all the rôles demanded of her. On "Gentle People" it didn't help any working for Anatole Litvak. Players complain bitterly because this director makes them repeat scenes again and again in relentless fashion. Ida had terrific emotional scenes. Being forced to work herself into an hysterical state so many times caused her agony.

BETTE DAVIS is a young woman who throws a fit when she sees talent going to waste. Pamela Caveness, her singing protégée, is now in a local light opera company. Bette backed part of the enterprise. Now it's Alex Morison, brother of Patricia Morison, who is rating the Davis raves. Bette heard him sing at the "Scheherezade" and is telling everyone in town what a sensation he is. Bette thinks Alex should be on the air where he would be appreciated by millions of listeners. It may happen too, because Bette knows how to bring things about. By the way, when Patricia dines at "Scheherezade," it isn't only to listen to brother Alex. She also likes to listen to "Gogi," who manages the place.



Sitting pretty and pretty looking is Martha O'Driscoll, left, posing in the very latest swim fashion. It's a one piecer, two-way stretch lastex, designed to give line lure. Martha is busy working on "Her First Beau."

SOONER or later it had to happ When Sydney Guilaroff, who whips hair-dos for the M-G-M stars, gave party, he invited Jeffrey Lynn and Ma garet Hayes. He also invited Doris Cars the very attractive actress who now ru a "Sweater Bar" in Beverly Hills. Do and Jeff used to make a beautiful pictu together once upon a time. Now it see to be Margaret who has the in, there. T two girls were introduced and after a f strained moments, everything was fine. E cept that Doris doesn't like Jeff's n moustache and told him so. Margaret *d* like Jeff's new moustache. Jeffrey? It j tickles him.

GEORGE RAFT ain't foolin' when tells everyone that he's had more f with Betty Grable and likes her better th any other girl he has ever known. One his gifts was a topaz pin to match ea rings and a ring Betty already own When she was in the hospital for two da with wisdom tooth trouble, George call both days. One day he brought her a je eled compact. The next day a jeweled cig rette case to match. They dine a lot George's house, play gin rummy and Be now has George going of all places (a cording to George)—to the movies!

ONCE a girl who couldn't be budg from her Brentwood Heights hom Joan Crawford has now leased her friend Jean Dixon's apartment in N York. Joan and her adopted daught Christine intend remaining away until st dio work calls her back to Hollywo again. "A Woman's Face" is rumored be Joan's best picture to date. For one pa ticular sequence, director George Cuk achieved an unusual result. He wanted Jo to speak in a low, dull, monotonous voi Somehow Joan always managed to inj too much feeling and color. Finally, Cuk had her recite the multiplication tabl over and over again. When her voice h become so tired and uninspiring from t monotone, it was then Cukor had her her lines. The effect was sensational.

THE news that Norma Shearer has fou a romantic interest in society's Rona Balcolm, is welcome news to several grou of people who touch her life. Norma's i timate friends feel that she has been lonely woman, despite her world of a tivity. Then there are the fitters, milline tailors and seamstresses, who are worki on the clothes Norma will wear in her ne picture. By experience they have learn that Norma is in no hurry to get home night, if there isn't a date waiting. Instea she comes in and casually fits her thin until seven or eight in the evening. Devot as they are to the star, they've had the fill of studio life, come nightfall.

GOLD diggers please note! Randy Scott now has, not one, but *two* mines that are rich with ore. Between them and the big salary he is now commanding out at 20th-Century studios, Randy is literally worth more than his weight in gold. His interest in June Duprez was just one of those passing things. Right now he is heart free and fancy free (Randy is still married to Marion Dupont, you know). Playing opposite the youthful Gene Tierney, Randy says, makes him feel a bit like a nice kindly ogre.

EVER since her appendectomy Olivia De Havilland has had to count her calories. She's never felt better in her life, but her cameraman and designer aren't so pleased. Being a determined young lady, she'll soon be her sylph-like self again. In the meantime, she's seen here and there with Franchot Tone and Jock Whitney. She's also busily knitting woolen sox that are suspiciously close to Jimmy Stewart's size. Could it be that our Olivia is putting one over on us?

THE lovable Jack Oakie loves to kid people, sometimes with startling results. Dining alone one night at the Brown Derby, Jack was approached by a lady tourist who insisted that it was her birthday and Jack must stop by her booth and have a drink. The rotund comedian (who has been on the wagon for months) looked the lady square in the eye and said: "Thank you very much, lady, but I never drink. You see I'm strictly on narcotics." The poor woman's eyes popped and with the most horrified look, she fled from the place.

ALL during their broadcast, Jack Benny kept handing Phil Harris a series of telegrams. Jack would mouth the words to the audience. "Alice Faye." The audience roared it and poor Phil couldn't put down the script long enough to read a single line. When they went off the air, Phil tore open the envelopes. He discovered the dummy documents and realized it was all a rib.

WOULD Madeleine Carroll's visit to Nassau have anything to do with Captain Richard de la Roziere being stationed in the Bahamas, doing special commissioned work for the Government? Madeleine ain't sayin', so your guess is as good as ours.

Rudy Vallee and Helen Parrish, right, in a scene from "Too Many Blondes." And below, Rudy apparently with time on his hands but no blonde. Rudy all alone—*tut, tut!*





Spencer Tracy and lovely Lana Turner, right, as they look in M-G-M's latest version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Stevenson's weird story of a man's split personality.



THERE won't be a law-suit and Basil Rathbone should be very grateful. Mrs. Fred Astaire and a friend were playing golf at a country club. Suddenly without warning, a bull terrier came charging at them, biting Mrs. Astaire once and her friend twice. The dog was a highly-prized pet of the Rathbones. The bites weren't too serious, but the ladies haven't been as scared since they last saw Basil doing his sinister stuff on the screen.

BILL HOLDEN has had five months on salary, waiting to start his next picture. During all this time he felt fine. The day before he started, he had a terrible sinus attack. Also, the night before he had been over calling on his sweetheart, Brenda Marshall. The next morning Brenda discovered her little girl had chicken pox. Well, true love never runs smooth. Brenda gets her final in June, so she and Bill should be prepared to weather all the rough spots together. This quiet and unassuming pair certainly have all of Hollywood's blessings.

IT'S Bill Gargan's story about Dave Chasen's first Hollywood premiere. Passing the popular restaurant and seeing all the searchlights out in front, Bill pulled over to the curb. Seeing Dave Chasen beaming in the doorway, Bill called out to him. In answer to his inquiry, Chasen replied:

"They have premieres for new markets and oil stations, I decided to have a premiere too. I've just opened a new men's rest room!"

THERE was a very good reason why the Melvyn Douglases turned down all invitations on a certain Sunday afternoon. Their house guest was none other than Eleanor Roosevelt, who was lecturing in town at the time. For one, Hollywood wasn't invited, and it didn't turn out to be a field day for the cameramen. Melvyn wanted his famous visitor to have a day of peace and quiet.

EDDIE ALBERT, who hasn't been too happy with the similarity of his roles, is asking for his release from Warner Brothers. When and if he gets it, Eddie will be able to choose from propositions offered by every studio in Hollywood. He wants a free lance for awhile, which would give him more time to spend with the lovely Beverly Hobler.

HOLLYWOOD is wondering about the marital status of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor. For many months Karen has remained in the east, her son being with her. Vidor, who is directing "Ladies in Retirement" for Columbia, is seen dining here and there with beautiful Evelyn Keyes. Not so long ago, Evelyn, who hails from Atlanta, was under personal contract to C. B. De Mille. Not only did C. B. supervise all her publicity, but he wouldn't allow her to use red nail polish or slacks in public.





"TOM, DICK

Continued from page 31

kitchen all fixed up with gay curtains and all the gadgets there were in the world. And time rushed on, it *had* to rush to keep up with Tom.

Soon there was a baby in her arms and it looked exactly like Tom and it spoke exactly like him too, a hundred percent go-getter even if it had just been born. And there was Tom rushing in to her with the news of more promotions coming as regularly and on the dot as the news programs on the radio. There were presents with each promotion too. "Junior executive, executive salesmanager" meant a washing machine all done up in cellophane. "Senior executive, executive district supervisor" meant a fur coat plus another baby, also the image of Tom. "Assistant president" meant a Frigidaire and another baby with Tom's face and voice, so now there were three sons on the cheering line to shout "Yeah, Pop" every time Tom dashed in with another promotion.

"You see, Janie," Tom crowed. "All we have to do is to cultivate the right people. We have to make a good impression."

"Good impression, good impression," Janie mused. "Will you have another cup of tea, Mrs. Burton?" Good impression. Good impression. And Mrs. Burton answered, beaming at her charm and graciousness. "If I can influence my husband in any way, I shall influence my husband in any way." Good impression. Good impression. Even the good impressions were rushing the way Tom was.

Another baby, the fourth this time, and Mr. Burton, the president, promoted Tom to be president and Tom fired him. Good impression. Good impression. And then Tom came in smiling and for once it wasn't his usual smile but one that reminded Janie of somebody else.

"Janie! I've been promoted!" he shouted. "I'm president!"

"Yes, I know," Janie said. "I was there."

"No," Tom bellowed exuberantly. "I'm president of the United States!" And he smiled again and now Janie knew whose smile it was. Roosevelt's, of course!

Janie sat up in bed and thumped her pillow vigorously to make it more comfortable. So that was what being married to Tom would be like.

"Well," she said judiciously. "It's not bad, it's not bad at all. But I don't know, I don't know."

Of course, Janie didn't have her engagement ring yet. Tom was the sort who would have to make sure of a girl's answer before he invested in one, but she might as well have been wearing it when she walked into the telephone exchange the next morning.

She had the look of a girl just engaged, a little superior, a little smug and very, very mysterious. A look that said, "See, somebody loves me! Somebody asked me to be his wife. Guess who?"

Gertrude, who sat next to her at t board and was her confidante and frien saw it right away. "Aw, Janie, come o *tell* me!" she urged as she plugged in call. "You're not fair. If I had a secr I'd tell you."

"Can't you wait another coupla minut till we're off duty?" Janie asked reasonab enough as she put through a long distan call that was going all the way to Ne York through Chicago. A person to pers call for Miss Brenda Whitney on one e from Richard Hamilton, Junior, on t other.

"Richard Hamilton, Junior!" Janie whi pered awed. Gee whiz, he was the son the most important man in town, *a mi lionaire!* Her pop was foreman in h father's factory. Richard Hamilton, Senic





"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"

RKO-Radio Picture. Produced by Robert Sisk. Directed by Garson Kanin. Original story and screenplay by Paul Jarrico. With the following cast:

Janie.....GINGER ROGERS
Tom.....GEORGE MURPHY
Harry.....BURGESS MEREDITH
Dick.....ALAN MARSHAL
Mom.....JANE SEYMOUR
Pop.....JOE CUNNINGHAM
Babs.....LENORE LONERGAN

"AND HARRY"

Continuing our fictionization of Ginger Rogers' sprightly new screenplay, we present more pictures illustrating the romantic story. Here you'll find the star in various scenes with her three handsome leading men—she's wooed by *Tom* (George Murphy), *Harry* (Burgess Meredith) and *Dick* (Alan Marshal).

had paid her rent and bought her clothes and fed her all her life and now he was even responsible for her getting married. For it was those thirty cars he had bought from Tom which had made him ask her last night. "R. J. Hamilton's son!" she repeated dazed. "Wonder what he looks like? Did you ever see him?"

"No, but I saw his car yesterday." Gertrude chewed vigorously on her gum. "You shoulda seen it. About a mile long. One of those foreign cars with a double-talk name."

Richard Hamilton, Junior, calling a girl all the way to New York. Gosh, he must be crazy about her. Wasn't that Brenda something or other a lucky girl though!

"I wonder what he's saying?" Janie whispered.

"Why don't you listen, you dope?" Gertrude asked.

"Ooooh, no, I wouldn't dare." Janie cast an agonized glance at the supervisor. "Besides, I'm engaged to Tom now," she added virtuously. Then she clapped her hands over her mouth. "Oh, I told you the secret!" she gasped weakly.

They talked about it later and at great length when they were waiting for the bus that evening and even though Janie still wasn't sure she was doing the right thing, it was very heartwarming to see Gertrude's open envy. But even at that she couldn't help thinking of the rich boy in the movie last night who had proposed to the poor girl. Why, it was just as if Richard Hamilton, Junior, had asked *her*. And it was at that moment, just as she was thinking his name, that she saw the first star overhead.



Now, Janie had never been able to resist wishing on the first star and she certainly couldn't resist now. She closed her eyes and repeated the "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight," jingle under her breath and she had no sooner finished and opened her eyes again than she saw the car, the big foreign car with the double-talk name and the free and easy young man in the comfortable open-at-the-throat polo shirt, sitting at the wheel. It must be Richard Hamilton, Junior. Only a millionaire's son would dare go around looking that way as if he hadn't combed his hair in months. And when she looked up at the star it seemed to wink right at her.

"Hello," she said quickly, before the light would change and the car be purring on its way again. Then he looked at her and she looked at him and one of those things happened, those things you can't explain, like an electric shock dancing up and down your spine and it didn't seem forward or strange or anything when Janie went right over to the car and opened the door and slipped into the front seat.

"I'm sorry if I seemed fresh," Janie said then. "You see, it's all on account of the star. You know, 'I wish I may, I wish I might have the wish I wish tonight.'"

"Oh, sure, sure," the young man said, without understanding at all and Janie felt quite crushed when she saw the glance he gave her as if he were wondering whether it was safe for her to be out alone. So she managed to sound very haughty and as if she were giving a taxi driver her address when she told him where she lived. Only when they'd gotten to the house and she was standing on the curb again she felt as if she couldn't, she just *couldn't* let all this go out of her life without another try.

"You think I'm just terrible, don't you?" she said wistfully. "We'll probably never see each other again and you never *will* understand."

The young man sat up at that. "What are you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Oh," Janie's eyes widened. "I didn't mean—"



A memorable moment in a man's and a dog's life occurred when Deanna Durbin presented Private Everett Scott with "Mickey."

"I know you didn't," he grinned as if he were wise to her. "I'm just impulsive. Eight o'clock all right?"

"Sure," Janie whispered dazzled. "Golly!"

Eight o'clock and a million things to do before she could get ready for a date like this! Mom ironed out her best dress as she took a shower and even Pop was impressed and Babs, her kid sister, was running around in circles.

"What are you gonna do for shoes?" she asked practically. "Can't use the one Tom drank root beer out of on New Year's Eve! Maybe Rose Kraus'll lend you hers. I'll run over and get them." Rarely ever had Janie received such wonderful cooperation from the family.

Well, at last she was dressed, what with the help of the neighbors and all, and then there was a ring at the door and the young man was there. It started out so wonderfully, even if he didn't have a car along because he said he didn't have the money for gas and suggested maybe they take a street car. Janie laughed and laughed at his sense of humor. Then she laughed again when he said he was short that week and only had a dollar and eighty cents to spend.

"You talking of being broke, after driving that big car down Main Street today," she giggled happily.

"But that wasn't mine," he explained. "I was just delivering it to young Mr. Hamilton. I'm a mechanic down at Slater's Garage."

Janie felt as if she just couldn't stand it, having her dreams topple around her like this. And that star, what a double-crossing two-timer it had turned out to be! Before she quite realized what she was doing, she slapped him right across the cheek. "That's for trying to pick me up!" she explained.

The young man started laughing at that and his laugh was so gay and lighthearted Janie couldn't help but chime right in with him. And after he'd told her his name was Harry and she'd told him hers was Janie it was just as if they had been friends for a long, long time.

"Come on," he said then. "I'm gonna show you the greatest time you ever had on a dollar eighty cents."

And the funny thing was, he did. Janie had never had so much fun in her life, going to the penny arcade with him, playing pin games, turning on the juke boxes and putting a penny in the mechanical Gypsy fortune teller in the slot marked "How will I know the man I love?"

Then the same cracked, metallic voice which had just told Harry he would have three children and which Janie was pretending was real and not coming over a phonograph at all began speaking tonelessly and in rhyme:

"When you kiss the man you love,
Bells will ring in Heaven above."

Janie giggled at that, but she took it a little more seriously than she pretended to. After all, no bells had ever rung when she kissed Tom.

After that Harry took her to a phonograph store where they danced to the records he had asked to listen to and then when the clerk began frowning at them he took her bowling. It just went on and on as if it would never stop and Harry must have been a nice guy because he had so many friends. Every place they went there was someone shouting "Hi, Harry!" to him.

Then when they went into a hamburger joint for a cup of coffee Harry grinned at her. "Whoever gave you the idea a girl like you could marry a millionaire?" he asked.

"You're taking a lot for granted." Janie glared at him. "How do *you* know what kind of a man I want to marry?"

"Picking up a guy in a big car, for instance," Harry laughed. "But you ought to know you can't. It's a simple matter of arithmetic. Not enough millionaires and too many girls like you. And why should the rich go slumming? Plenty of smart, good-looking dames in their own set. So you see, you got one chance in a million. And that leaves girls like you for fellows like me."

"I never heard such reasoning in all my life," Janie said indignantly. "*Every day* you hear about girls who marry rich fellows. *Every day*. It's in *all* the books and *all* the magazines and *all* the newspapers. And there's nothing wrong with it either. After all, it's as natural for a girl to want to make a good marriage as it is for a boy to want to get ahead. It's as though I were to say to you, 'Don't be ambitious, don't try to be somebody, don't believe in success!'"

"But I *don't* believe in success," Harry said. "I don't believe in scratching and biting and climbing over people."

"But you wanna have money, don't you?" Janie asked amazed. "You wanna do things, like, well, like tonight. If you didn't have that dollar eighty we wouldn't have had such a good time."

"Aw, I coulda showed you just as good a time for nothing," Harry grinned. "I'd take you swimming, fishing. Lots of ways. I just wanna make a living, but I wanna *live* at the same time. Trouble with ambition is it gives people the jitters. Makes 'em worry. After awhile they don't think of anything else. Worrying and scheming, worrying and scheming, that's all they do all the time."

He paid his check and Janie couldn't help seeing he had only a nickel left, but it didn't seem to bother him. They walked home and on the way Harry stopped beside a stalled car and before the astonished owner could say a word he'd found out what the trouble was and fixed it.

"No, siree," he said then, just as if he hadn't interrupted his conversation at all. "Being ambitious does things to you inside. Makes you lie, makes you cut people's throats, makes you kiss the boss's ear. And you don't pick your friends because you like 'em but because maybe they can do you some good."

"I think you're wrong," Janie said emphatically. "You see, I've been going steady with a fellow named Tom. Works for Burton Motors. He's ambitious, and he's not hypocritical and mean and miserable at all. He's a very nice boy and he's gonna get somewhere too. And it so happens I'm thinking of marrying him."

"Maybe you ought to marry me instead," Harry said. "How about it, Janie? I've been looking for the right girl all along and you've been looking for the right guy too, or you wouldn't've stepped into that car today."

"You can't use that for an argument," Janie said indignantly. "It wasn't your car!"

"Aw, Janie, you're wonderful," he grinned. "You're warm and you're wise and you're lovely and you're silly and you're everything I've ever dreamed of. And if you say 'yes,' you'll never be sorry because I'll take you fishing every day."

"Well," Janie said flabbergasted, and she was glad they had come to her house for she felt so bewildered she just had to sit down on the steps. "I think we ought to



"Laddie" passed away when his master, Private Scott, volunteered for Uncle Sam's Army. Deanna Durbin, shown with Scott, bought him another Airedale to take "Laddie's" place.

know each other better before we discuss it any more."

"But I tell you I *do* know you!" Harry said and then he sat down beside her and kissed her. And from somewhere up above a bell seemed to ring and the tinkling notes floated in mid air, vibrant and suspended. And Harry must have heard it too, because he kissed her again.

"If you want to consider yourself engaged to me, I guess you can," Janie whispered. "Only I think maybe we better keep it a secret."

"Look," Harry was smiling. "I'll see you tomorrow night, huh?"

"Oh, no!" Janie came down to earth with a crash. "I have a date with Tom. You know I can't just—"

"No, sure," Harry said. "Well, I'll call you."

Janie couldn't stop remembering that kiss. She held her fingers against her lips as if she were holding it on her mouth as she lay in bed. And then she was off to the skies again and dreaming as only Janie could dream. Only this time it was Harry who stood beside her in front of a justice of the peace, and he was still dressed in that outrageous polo shirt of his and with his hair all unruly.

"And so," the justice was saying. "Because that leaves girls like you for fellers like him, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?" And then after Harry had made his responses too, he went on, "I now pronounce you man and wife and Janie, I think you're making a big mistake."

Then Harry was picking her up in his arms and carrying her across the threshold of their new home. It was a shanty, but such a charming shanty, it looked more like a stage set than a place on the wrong side of the tracks. And though things went leisurely with Harry, the babies kept coming too, three of them, wasn't that how many the fortune teller had said? and they all looked like Harry, with their hair standing on end. Then there was all of them going fishing and the kids who didn't want to be successful either playing hookey and going along. And at last there was the night when Janie and Harry were sitting in a haystack kissing each other and they heard the radio announce that the Pile of Dough program was ringing their telephone to award them ten thousand dollars, but Harry was kissing her so hard he didn't even stir when the telephone rang.



Just an unknown boy from Chanute, Kansas, was Everett Scott before the world learned of "Laddie's" death. Scott, here, is entertained by Bob Montgomery and Irene Dunne.

"But Harry, please," Janie protested. "Ten thousand dollars."

"I don't believe in it," Harry said and kissed her again.

But the next night he came home all excited. "Janie, Janie," he shouted. "I've got great news for you. I'll never have to go to work again. We can go fishing every day. I just lost my job!"

He laughed and the kids started jumping for joy and even Janie didn't worry any. That was what being married to Harry did to a girl!

Janie felt all mixed up as she turned over on her side and tried to get to sleep. She just couldn't make up her mind if all the wonderful things about a future with Harry would be quite worth the bad. Being engaged to two men hadn't solved anything at all.



Uncle Sam kindly gave Private Scott a leave of absence to meet the Hollywood folk and receive "Mickey," a present from Deanna. Marlene Dietrich gives him a democratic handshake.

Maybe it would all right itself, Janie thought, the next evening as she came home from work. Maybe being with Tom again would make her know her own mind. But he called the moment she came into the house, breaking their regular Wednesday night date because he had to give a demonstration for a customer. So of course when Harry called to tell her he'd been able to get a car from a friend, she didn't see any reason why she shouldn't go out with him.

Only it turned out there *was* a reason, a big one. For when she met Harry, there he was sitting in the car Tom was demonstrating and when he saw Janie he looked madder than she had ever thought Tom could look. So Harry was the prospect for whom he'd given up a date with her! Well, she'd show him; she wouldn't tell him that Harry didn't even have a dollar eighty in his pocket since he'd spent it all the night before and she couldn't help that grudging admiration for Harry and the way he'd managed to get his date with her after all. He was a go-getter himself in his own unambitious way.

So Janie thought it was all very amusing to have Tom drive them around, giving a big sales talk, for evidently he wasn't going to let a little thing like Janie stand in the way of a sale. But after Harry had asked him to drive them out to Inspiration Point she couldn't help that little giggle.

"He couldn't even afford to buy a scooter," she said.

"But I *can*," Harry insisted. "I have a keen scooter. Paid spot cash for it!"

It was too much for Tom. As if it hadn't been bad enough to see his own Janie two-timing him with someone else, here the customer he was taking for a ride had taken him on a different kind of a ride.

"We're always happy to bring people out here," he said as he swung the car to a stop right on the edge of Inspiration Point. "Because we know how many memories a place like this can hold."

He gave Janie a look then, a look that said she'd broken his heart and he'd never forgive her, never, and opened the door with a polite flourish and beckoned to them to get out. "This is where you wanted to go, isn't it? Drop in and see us again some time, won't you? Maybe some



"Unfinished Business" was interrupted when James Cagney and Ralph Bellamy visited the two leading male stars, Robert Montgomery and Preston Foster, on the set. These boys have a lot in common: good looks, fine actors.

evening when you and the young lady have time for another drive."

"I don't like his attitude," Harry said as they stood watching the car drive away. "He's a sorehead. Tell him you have a scooter and he goes all to pieces."

"That's not the reason," Janie said smugly.

"Oh, I know the reason, all right." Harry looked glum. "He's so jealous he can't see straight. He acts like you're engaged to marry him."

"How long we gonna stand here and talk about it?" Janie was getting irritated. "Do you realize how far we are, how long it'll take us to walk home?"

"If you like, we can stay right here and establish Harryville," Harry grinned.

"Oh, you make me sick!" Janie was past the point of thinking him amusing. "You and your corny jokes! What's so funny about being stranded in the middle of nowhere? What's so—"

She stopped suddenly as she saw a car easing out of the place where it had been parked. It was the car with the double-talk name. She'd have recognized it anywhere and sitting on the front seat was a man who looked as if he were *really* Richard Hamilton, Junior, and snuggling up beside him was a girl Janie recognized as the usherette at the movie theater.

"Hi'ya, Mr. Hamilton," Harry yelled, and the first thing Janie knew he had managed to get a ride home for them.

Of course, it wasn't much, but it was a beginning, even though young Hamilton hadn't said anything a girl could tie her dreams to. After all, they had been introduced and who knew what could happen after that? Anything at all, Janie told herself fervently as she got ready for bed. Just anything at all.

And this time she didn't have to moor her dreams to reality. Janie could just see it happening, the headlines telling of their marriage, the two delightful children, of course there wouldn't be more, the rich don't go in for big families. And what a wonderful hostess Janie made, moving graciously among her guests and talking horses and music and literature. It was a pretty picture and Janie loved it, every minute of it.

"Darn it," she whispered, giving her pillow an extra pummelling. "If I have to break every law ever written, I'm going to make this vision a reality!"

But the next morning there was Dick's call to Brenda coming through, just as it did yesterday and the day before and the day before that. Only this time Janie couldn't control her desire to listen in. After all, she had a right, didn't she? She'd met Dick, some day she might even be engaged to him. Quickly she stuck the plug in the board and held her breath.

"Aw, honey," Dick was saying. "This long distance lovin' isn't healthy. Why don't you and me meet in Chicago tonight? I can't fly all the way to New York, but if you meet me better than half way we can make an evening of it."

"Your invitation is actually insulting," Brenda said then. But that didn't fool Janie. She knew how girls liked to be coaxed and if she didn't do something quick, Dick *would* coax Brenda. Janie hesitated only a minute before she broke the connection.

Both of them thought the other one had hung up and when the connection was put through again they were so furious that they started shouting at each other and before there was a chance of them making up Janie cut them off again.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton," Janie said then in her best voice-with-a-smile manner. "Your party seems to have hung up again. Would you like me to try the number once more, or would you like me to try another one? We've got an awful lot of them down here."

"Say," Dick laughed, "you sound almost human. What about *your* number? Do you look as good as you sound?"

"You ought to know," Janie said demurely. "Remember the party you picked up last night? Janie? The hitchhiker?"

"Oh, Janie," he said. And then came the part that made Janie pinch herself so that she would know it was really happening and not a part of one of her dreams at all. "How'd *you* like to fly to Chicago with me tonight?"

"In an airplane?" Janie whispered. "Chicago?"

"Chicago, Illinois!" Dick assured her.

It was real and it was happening. First the plane ride high up above the clouds, so high the stars seemed to be nestling in Janie's hair. Then afterwards there was dinner high up on a terrace overlooking the city and Lake Michigan and there was real champagne and Janie drank it down quickly so Dick wouldn't know she had never even seen any before. And it was funny how everything became even more wonderful after that. Why, when Dick bought her orchids, anyone would have thought he had just given her a million dollars.

"Janie, you're delightful," Dick said.



Betty Grable goes into action with the camera following her fast and fancy footwork. She appears thusly in her latest, "Moon Over Miami." Betty, you know, spends her off-hours dancing with rumba king George Raft.

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"That's funny," Janie said, feeling as if the glow in her stomach was spreading all through the room. "And you know what? I'm not even married."

"Cigarette?" Dick said then, and for the first time his voice sounded cautious. But Janie didn't care. She was having too good a time. And when they were flying home again she took off the corsage he had given her and flung it overboard.

"Looka me," she said happily. "I'm throwing away orchids!" And then she opened her bag and took out the money that was in it. It wasn't much, but it would do, she thought, as she scattered that over the side too. "And look! I'm throwing away money too!"

They both began laughing then and Dick started asking her riddles and finally she took a deep breath and decided to ask him a riddle too. "I got one," she said. "This'll jus' destroy you. Now listen, you say to me 'Will you marry me?' Go on."

"All right," Dick laughed. "Will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Janie cried triumphantly. Then she was sorry when she saw the blank look on Dick's face. "You can back out if you want to," she said slowly. "I guess I tricked you."

"But the funny thing is," Dick said, sounding as if he were surprised himself, "it's probably a wonderful idea. Would you really marry me?"

"Would you really ask me?" Janie said wistfully and then she knew he would, even if he didn't answer her, for he took her in his arms and Janie felt her heart had reached right up to the stars themselves.

There wasn't anyone like Dick, Janie thought happily, as he helped her into the big car waiting at the landing field. Why, even though they had come down from the clouds and were on solid ground again and the sunrise was chasing the moon and stars clear out of the skies, he was being just as sweet and romantic as ever. She would have known he was the only man in the world for her if Tom and Harry hadn't been waiting for her when the car stopped at her house.

They were sitting on the porch steps and they looked as if they had been waiting all night and when she saw them her heart began going through settingup exercises all over again. For seeing them all together like that she knew she loved them all, the whole three of them. And it was awful after that, with the three of them fighting over who she really was engaged to. Janie didn't know what to do except sit down on the steps and cry as if she could never stop crying again.

"I know I'm acting awfully confused," she sniffled. "But that's only because I'm so confused. Golly, everybody's confused, the whole world. You're all so wonderful I just don't know what to do!"

They didn't know what to do either, except to try to comfort her in their different ways and the more they tried, the sweeter they were and that only made more confusion.

"I'll tell you what," Tom said then. "You think it over tonight and then in the morning we'll all come to breakfast and you can tell us which one you *really* want."

But it wasn't as simple as that, Janie thought, as she got into bed. She put all the dreams together and still they didn't make sense.

"If I could only marry the three of them," she thought wistfully. "The four of us would make a lovely couple."

She must have fallen asleep then without knowing she did at all, for the next thing she knew she heard their voices downstairs in the dining-room. Tom's voice, how certain it was, why, a girl could depend on a voice like that for the rest of her life. It would have been easy to decide then if she hadn't heard Harry, Harry who didn't take anything seriously at all, who could make her laugh at anything. But there was that other voice, Dick's voice, the voice with the golden ring to it, the voice she had dreamed of all her life.

And in just a minute she would have to decide. Which one? Golly, the very thought made her tremble. But she couldn't wait any longer. Her future, the whole three of them, was waiting for her, and she had to make up her mind. Janie took a deep breath and walked slowly down the stairs.

WHICH OF THE THREE MEN SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH HER DOES JANIE CHOOSE? SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR THE ANSWER! WE WILL GIVE YOU THE ROMANTIC SOLUTION TO GINGER ROGERS' PROBLEM—WILL THE LUCKY MAN BE GEORGE MURPHY, ALAN MARSHALL, OR BURGESS MEREDITH? DON'T MISS THE NOVEL ENDING OF THIS GAY FICTIONIZATION.



It's the ecstatic moment after they whispered their "I Do's." Deanna Durbin, a vision in her beautiful wedding gown, smiles happily into husband Vaughn Paul's eyes.

You — and the moon and the music





YOU . . . in a *dream* of a dress . . . floating over the polished floor, with the entire stag line at your heels!

It was wonderful . . . *all* of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report . . . share your triumph.

After all, it's her triumph, too. She's taught you a lot of things . . . put you wise to some glamour hints that made all the difference.

Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair — and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

And wasn't it Sis who taught you how to make your eyes look bigger with a touch of eyebrow pencil in the corners?

Remember the time you had that little personal talk about Kotex Sanitary Napkins?

She's pointed out that your secret is safe with Kotex, because those flat, pressed ends can't make telltale outlines, even under the most clinging dress. The carefree confidence it gave you to learn about the "Safety Shield" in each Kotex was worth a fortune in itself.

Incidentally—it might be a *very* sound idea to take her advice about trying the three sizes of Kotex: Junior—Regular—Super. Certainly, you're the *only* one who can tell which size is exactly right for you. And all three sell at the same low price.

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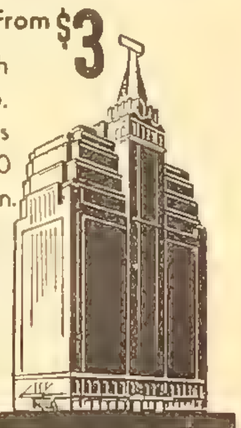
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Are Movie Stars Nuts?

Continued from page 33

compare, and you'll realize we're less inhibited and there are fewer neurotics among us. It's a funny fact, but when you're most natural you're usually shocking!

"People who are tied down to routine envy others who are free to take advantage of sudden breaks, and I don't blame them. But even so that's no sound excuse for panning us. We risk our reputation with every new picture, every time we lay ourselves open for possible criticism. That's gambling on our own ability.

"Hollywood is a town of oddities. That's why I prefer it. I hate the prosaic. I'm an individualist. I want a series of adventures. I don't want to crawl into a little niche where nothing can ever upset or challenge me. I'll take anyone's challenge.

"Let's nail down those cracks about Hollywood. There's no security for an actor, you've heard." Joel shrugged his wide shoulders, handsomely tweeded. "Pin that down. In the first place, in these days there is no security for anyone, anywhere. In the second place, I don't believe grabbing for all the money you can grab is so smart. Recently I decided not to team with Claudette Colbert; it would have boosted my bank account, but not my health and I needed a vacation. I didn't know what picture I'd land instead. But I was 'nutty.' And in the long run got the swellest rôle I've ever had, in 'Reaching For the Sun.'"

Joel is one of the better-fixed stars, financially. "But I don't live on a budget!" he exclaimed. "Being that precise would be too much grief. I just save half my movie earnings and then relax by making the remainder stretch. My main object in life is to *live*. The details are always secondary. And I want my living to be flexible. I refuse to tie myself in knots. I'm open for suggestions, not to be nice but because I value opinions, in proportion to their source. Then I go on and do what I decide for myself means the most living.

"From the budgeteer's slant, I'm cuckoo. But I've solved my saving problem. From the snobs' viewpoint, I'm ridiculous. I drive a Ford station wagon when I could own a more expensive car. I don't do it to be humble, to pose as ultra-democratic, nor because I'm stingy, nor to attract attention. It's easier for me to operate and is more useful to me, that's all. If I had eight million dollars I still wouldn't hire a valet. He'd be more bother to me than help. I'd keep feeling that if I had to have my clothes laid out I'd better stay in bed. But I'm broad-minded, completely so. It seems quite natural that someone like Herbert Marshall would have 'a man' at his beck and call. If he didn't, he'd be missing a convenience he can afford. Catch on why I prefer Hollywood? Every man to his own tastes out here!

"I don't do things to dazzle, either, no matter how publicity-crazy some folks claim we are. I know you can't please everyone. I believe it's best to please yourself, make your own standards. I want to depend on my performances to hold my fans; I don't bother to put on a front and get by without one. This isn't blarney," Joel emphasized, steel blue eyes flashing. "I've never so much as been tempted to buy a limousine, a yacht, or a race horse. I like to swim, but I don't long for a boat because I get seasick. Johnny Weissmuller argued me into a slight cruise and a quarter-mile from shore I got sick, which proved to Johnny I didn't want a yacht, as I'd said. I've always had horses, have twenty-five on my ranch, but I have no interest in racing and no urge to bet with my money. When Liz Whitney sent me a fine thoroughbred I didn't race him. 'Nutty'—? Sure, we all are, in our varied ways. And it's wonderful!

"Every young married couple should want to buy a house, according to all slogans. I owned my ranch, with a ranch house on it. I'd never moved about, loved roots. But Frances had never lived in one house more than six months at a time, so we compromised. The ranch is our permanent anchorage, and we spend about three months out



Frances Dee, in private life Mrs. Joel McCrea, gazes out of the sitting-room window of their San Fernando Valley home. The long and graceful French Directoire couch blends beautifully with the other furnishings. The simply-designed fireplace adds warmth and color.

Here's ALICE FAYE behind the Scenes
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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Joel McCrea samples his home-grown fruit. This is the kind of life Joel goes for between engagements. Horses are his hobby.

of the year there. We have never bought a home in Hollywood and don't intend to; we rent and move frequently. We blunder. We took one house because I'd liked the swimming pool and then the pool leaked out dry every two weeks. We chose another place because I was entranced at the sight of steam heat in California. Spur-of-the-moment surface choices are antidotes to dullness, though.

"If movie stars appear 'nutty' it's because they know they do not have to conform to trite legends. They skip to the core of living. You've got to, to bring color and zip to yourself. The penalty is a lot of misunderstanding; but isn't it better to be misinterpreted than to be a wallflower?

"Hollywood glamor is based on exaggeration; no doubt of that. Both our nicenesses and our faults are built up. Cut through, however, and what do you find? Take the so-called high-hat stars, for Case 1. Why, they're victims of their own inferiority complexes! I know Katharine Hepburn is panned because she's snooty to the press. But I know too, that she's a swell sport. You see, when she first came to California I was under contract to RKO and I was the one sent by the publicity department to greet her at the station in Pasadena. A cameraman went along to film our meeting. I thought it was pretty odd. But I was an employee, so I beamed and attempted to act as though I did it everyday. She took it in perfect stride, never batted an eye and was as gracious as could be. Hepburn temperamental? Maybe, when she has a cause to be.

"You have to check up for yourself to be convinced. When I was in college we used to sneer at George Raft. In our estimation he was a night-club drunk, a slicker. But when I got back to Hollywood and got acquainted with George he turned out to be quiet, extremely polite, and he neither drinks nor smokes out of camera range

"Myths spread so. Glib explanations of what a pipe it's been for so-and-so. I was amazed at what I heard about myself. When I got into the swing of things here it was said I was the play-boy son of wealthy parents. I did go to school with Louis B. Mayer's daughters, and they invited me to dinner, and I was *still* Hollywood's most unsuccessful extra! My father was no more than a well-to-do business man and I certainly counted on earning my living. I don't enjoy anything if I haven't worked for it, and I don't complain because hard work and personal contacts—*not pull*—have taken care of me fairly.

"Movie-making is hard work, and you've got to deliver box-office worth to last. Personal contacts mean everything, here and everywhere else. Social invitations were a help when I started because by being among those present I convinced some people I must have something. DeMille was sufficiently impressed to get me my first contract, at M-G-M, and to test me for a part in a picture of his. I didn't get the rôle, I got no others, and soon as C.B. left the lot I was fired. Through William LeBaron I got a smile on my face again; DeMille wasn't more than casually interested until years had lapsed and I was experienced enough to act a lead for him. LeBaron got me a similar, lowly stock contract at RKO. Then, for eleven months, I wasn't assigned even so much as a bit part. One day a total stranger, William Sistrom, a producer I didn't know, saw me standing around. He said, 'You look like an actor.' I retorted, 'I suspect I can be one.' He put me into my first lead.

"Why not make it a point to know the leaders in your business? I do, and I get rôles I couldn't rate because of my past performances, or through my agent, as a result. The influential leaders are glad to find you are sincerely eager as to why they tick, and how. I've never yet worked under Frank Capra's direction, but I want to. I secured my break with producer-director William Wellman by visiting at Capra's one night. Somehow Wellman got an entirely new idea of me at that personal meeting, and his impression of me gave him the notion of casting me as he visualized me. But," added Joel firmly, "that's a lot of hooey about movie stars being party-mad. Frances and I don't give big parties, not because we disapprove of them, but when we invite one couple to dinner we can have a keen visit.

"A Beau Brummell of Hollywood tag was once circulated for my asserted benefit. I did date sophisticated actresses before I married Frances because I was anxious to learn what sophistication is. I didn't drink or smoke." (Does the boy next door have nerve enough to remain that "nutty"?) Joel was often ill-at-ease, but he had ideals about his physique and gradually could banter with the best of them. "I drove a second-hand Dodge and their limousines didn't scare me into dipping into the half of my earnings I was bent on saving. I didn't—and I'll bet this sounds crazy enough for you—meet the present King of England when he visited Hollywood because I didn't have the proper tails to wear and didn't want to rent badly-fitting clothes. I sent Gloria Swanson, who'd asked me to be her escort to the affair for the distinguished prince, my regrets.

"Whether or not movie actresses are up to society girls is a bandied-about question," Joel continued. "I went with society girls and they are not as sincere, not any nicer, no more to be admired than actresses. Furthermore, society girls put on much more pretense and prissiness. Actresses say what they think. They're never artificial, except when they feel they must be because of their careers. Most of the actors, for that matter—fellows like Gable, Tracy, and Cooper—are as regular as any white collar men, cowboys, or oil workers.

"You shed a lot of hesitations when you work in Hollywood. You learn to express your emotions, which is great stuff for the nerves. Both Frances and I came from conservative families. There was a wall of reserve about us. So it took us four or five years longer than the average player to break down that handicap of concealir emotions. In Hollywood when you are m you tear your hair. Which I like—t lingering, suppressed resentments!

"Sure my own family had to be 'show They were pretty Puritanical. But th were won over by the naturalness of pictu people." Joel waxed reminiscent. "I'm r calling," he said, "a stunning feminine st whose language is horrible. I found th this was a deliberate defense gesture. T wolves about town have been so shock by her apparent hard-boiledness that th leave her quite alone. She's an individuali and, I say, not so awfully 'nutty'!

"There *are* selfish actresses. Years a Mary Pickford and Bebe Daniels tipped n off on how to handle that kind. When o of my heroines insists that the direct shove me out of focus I remember Mary and Bebe's advice. 'Keep declaring you do understand what she means. Never be ab to comprehend. And in the end the sce will have to be done legitimately!'

"I imagined Ginger Rogers would hard to get along with because she's alo from some of those who'd like to appla her. But she came to me and asked f specific opinions on every phase of our pi ture. No, there's nothing phony about Gi ger. She's intelligent and self-made, and s doesn't give you any baloney about yearni for cooperation and then hogging the scen "I'm no Pollyanna," he confessed. "On t whole I'd rather work with the newer, ri ing actresses. With girls like Laraine D and Ellen Drew. They haven't acquired t much self-importance. Either side of n face is equally bad and it's a bore to sit the sidelines watching a vain charmer arg with the director and cameraman." Barba Stanwyck, Joel's co-star in "The Gre Man's Lady," now being completed for sum mer release at Paramount, is number o exception to that preference. No newcom could possibly be more cooperative th Barbara, Joel contends.

"We know how lucky we are to be Holl wood actors. Thank heaven there is a bu ness like this for people like ourselves w cannot stand monotony. Still, I realize t uncertainty on which I thrive wouldn't s many who're eager to climb their own wa I want to go on living in Hollywood. I not fooled by over-ambition. I even we



Joel finds himself a sunny spot beside his own swimming pool to study his new script. The lucky dog is Christopher



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ese high-topped, semi-Western shoes ound with my street clothes because ey're comfortable and I like them. I know s not proper, and even my wife asks, Why don't you make up your mind whether u want to be the best actor, or the best wboy?'

"When I began in pictures Metro let me t because I was 'too tall and homely.' I uttered to myself, 'Not *that* tall!' The first ne I worked here at Paramount it was ggested I have my nose re-styled and a w hair line created. I thought that was pey, and didn't. The point being: you can ck your eccentricities in Hollywood, and nore the nuttiness of the rest of the town! n generally late everywhere I go, my ife can't follow schedules, and altogether s fun to be sufficiently 'nuts'—don't you ree?"

He was discussing DeMille, most vivid directors, and Samuel Goldwyn, most vid of producers, when he got a call to turn to Barbara Stanwyck and their emotg. "C.B. has been kidded for his grand anner and his stooges. But if you sit down ith him, and ask him candidly what gives t, he's obviously clever and on the level. e's a great showman who puts on a great t to make himself more valuable. And he s a heck of a lot of excitement all about m in the process. If you make a mistake e'll stage an elegant episode bawling you t before everyone. Who wouldn't like to ow off like that? As for Goldwyn, there's character! He inevitably answers no to ery suggestion. He'll go home, mull over hat you've proposed, and then eventually nounce he's just thought of it. I kept rping on Barbara Stanwyck for 'Stella allas,' I remember. Late one night he honed me to hurry to his home—so I could ll him once more why Barbara should rate at rôle. Finally he discovered her for it!"

Off he went. A star to respect.

Announcing The Winner of the Constance Bennett Contest!

Continued from page 25

say, "I must have a dress like that!" regardless of whether the dress is becoming to you personally. Adopt the general trend, by all means, but adapt it to your personal requirements.

(2) Attempting to be outstandingly dressed by being conspicuously dressed. Style and colors must be blended and subdued to a personality to flatter it. The woman whose costume suits her perfectly will be the outstanding woman in any gathering.

(3) Fad-following. Good taste should prohibit this. But it doesn't always. Fads are the bait of smart merchandisers. The business of correct dressing demands intelligence. Let's be frank about that.

There are basic points to apply in assembling your wardrobe. There is nothing constructive in just splurging or economizing. It's a matter of balance, of devising a plan, more than it is of budgeting. Since you must give as much attention to house dresses as to evening gowns, you should plan to blend your home wardrobe with one for outside informal wear. Simple little cotton dresses, with full skirt and nipped-in waists, are ideal for about-the-house with play shoes. Freshly and expertly pressed they can serve for informal afternoon with high heels and large hat accompaniment.

Evening also has its two and three way gowns—sleek fitting silhouettes with or without a dash of color in a bolero. The same gown is perfect for the informal dinner, with a short bolero jacket. Zip off the bolero and you have a chic decollete for formal dinners and dancing.

Naturally, a woman must be versatile to do her own housework, share the sports and social interest of her husband. and be well dressed at all times. All this, regardless of the restrictions of the budget. Of course she's got to work at it. And I mean *literally*—if these restrictions are genuine She can learn to sew. There's never been a time when that particular art has promised greater advantage. Matter of fact, today, when factories may be pressed into war emergency any minute, learning to sew is important for all of us. Women should never lose their desire to be well dressed—even if their apparel is confined to home originals exclusively.

Learning to sew doesn't have to be a chore. It can readily become a nice accomplishment. Gentlewomen of past generations sewed beautifully. Today, the pattern companies are more helpful than ever. And it's certainly the easiest answer for the woman struggling with her budget. She can conquer the budget and satisfy her vanity all in one fell swoop. Personally, I enjoy designing my own gowns. And I have a lot of fun cutting up a hat into wearable shape, with the help of a few flowers and veils which every woman keeps around. As a matter of fact, I'm prouder of two that I made for my secretary than any number of my own New York originals. It's developed into a real hobby. Try it—even if you don't create the design,



There's simplicity, color and chic in this stunning outfit worn by Constance Bennett. The redingote of light-weight, sheer black wool dramatizes and complements the quiet print.

follow more or less the general lines you think would be becoming to you—and see how much fun it is.

Here's a secret for the girl who must watch her clothes allowance. Save on your cleaning bill. I learned this while I was in the theater. I had a maid so efficient, so fastidious, I practically never had a cleaning bill. The plan was simple. Clothes were carefully hung the moment they were removed. The collar and cuffs were cleaned each time the dress was worn, and it was hung in the fresh air for a brief time. With this kind of care clothes will last twice as long. And you'll be able to add to your wardrobe with the dollars you save.

Despite the fact that you've given me your exact measurements and coloring it would be too precarious for me to try to select the perfect wardrobe for your type. Instead, I'll try to list a few items and ideas which will appeal to all the young women in your particular position who share the same problems.

A well-tailored suit is a boon to every woman's wardrobe. It is appropriate for shopping, luncheons, teas, spectator sports, practically any daytime event. A change of blouse, using a less severe one for luncheons and teas, can easily make a tailored suit cover five occasions.

For summer, have one sheer dress and buy yourself an assortment of collar and cuff changes—lace, linen and piqué. Keep them freshly laundered. Wear a dress like this for bridge, luncheon, for meeting the husband for dinner, for Sunday afternoon, and for the theater.

You should have one simple, sophisticated (rather severe) black evening gown and a bolero to turn it into an informal dinner gown. You can have several dinner gowns by simply having several boleros in different shades—tangerine, chili-red, nosegay blue, or a vivid green. All go beautifully with the black dress. A white piqué jacket is smart for a change, too.

For occasional "shock effects," use combinations that are unusual. Yellow is becoming to most blondes and brunettes. It's smart to wear with black. A bright yellow hat, or yellow suede gloves, give snap to black dresses. And you can pep up a black tailored suit with a bright yellow boutonnière as well.

White piqué touches on suits and dresses perk up the simplest ensemble. Employ the piqué boldly on extreme-wide lapels of suits. Break the left lapel with a smart tricolor pin or clip.

If your budget allows, a silk print is always good in a summer wardrobe. If not, you need not be ashamed of your cotton prints. If they are kept fresh they are always chic. Your dresses should have short sleeves so they can also be worn for informal dining.

Your hats should include one good sport felt, a neutral shade to combine with your strict tailleur; a perky black straw to wear with your suit; a flowered tip-top or picture hat for your cotton dresses, and a tiny half-hat of flowers for evening.

Diane, if your eyes are truly gre never wear colors which detract from the Green eyes are lovely. Wear no colo which detract from the true green.

Regarding shoes. You can walk a fair decent "best dressed path" with one pa of classic black pumps and one of Engli tan yellow; two pairs of good comfortal sports shoes; a pair of black sandals f semi- and formal occasions. You deci the color according to the color of yo evening gown—which I hope is black.

At this point if your budget grows t thin, and you're faced with having S.O.S. the man of the house, why not r vert to good old-fashioned femininit Women sometimes become more concern over their budgets than their husban They work so hard at keeping a tidy hor that they forget the virtue of keeping hi charmed. Damon Giffard, Warner Brothe designer, said something the other d which is apropos: "Take your husba shopping with you. Nine to one you'll co home with a smarter and better dress a hat than if you shopped alone. Me pocketbooks have a way of becoming ela tic when they see a gown or hat one hu dred percent becoming to the wife."

And Mr. Giffard is right. There a no laws against using a few feminine wil to charm the man into stretching the no mal allowance. Once in a while, anyway!

A final thought for you "young ma rieds." Neither under-estimate nor ove estimate the importance of being w groomed at all times. And the wo "groomed" is synonymous with femininit



An important item in Connie's wardrobe is this clear yellow sheer-wool sport frock. She cleverly tops this with a box-jacket in shades of yellow, green and pink on a beige background. The natural Milan straw hat, wide-brimmed, is worn far off the face.



ool and summery is this pastel blue, with nk and black floral spray print without the dingote. Connie's chapeau is a soft white raw with fascinating loose-flowing veil.

our job in being happily married is to ep your home and yourself appealing and tractive to your husband. To do a good b at the latter your skin and hair care, d general freshness of face and figure, is important as owning the most correctly lected wardrobe. Skin care must be given ily to have the proper effect, and it's mple to give it daily care. For instance, u can apply a good nourishing skin cream d wear it while doing your housework. he same thing holds true in care of your nds. Don't use them roughly without apying a good lotion immediately afterward. ne must look well turned out from tip toe to be really well dressed. There ould be no point in having a lovely fresh ce and clothes that are shabby, or *vice rsa.*

I once knew of a girl who went to the ountains with her husband to live for a ar because his health demanded it. For velve months she dismissed all thought of ake-up and let her hair go with the ind. She wore nothing but slack suits or shirt and pair of shorts. Maybe they uldn't have stood that propinquity under y circumstances, but the answer could ave been that her uncared-for face and ereotyped wardrobe simply bored him.

Watch for the third contest winner in our next issue!

YOU'RE A SHINING EXAMPLE, MR. MacMURRAY!



FRED MacMURRAY, star of the Paramount picture, **"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"** flashes a gleaming, shining smile. Keeping "groomed to the teeth" is a prime principle with Mr. MacMurray—as with most Hollywood stars. Many rely on CALOX TOOTH POWDER.



SCREEN WORK IS A BUSINESS where immaculate teeth are a vital necessity. You may be sure that Hollywood stars have an excellent reason when they choose Calox. The reason? Calox promotes a really brilliant gloss.



PEOPLE WHO SMOKE A LOT—like Mr. MacMurray—appreciate a dentifrice which does a good job of polishing as well as cleansing. Calox is really competent, because it contains five different cleansing and polishing agents.



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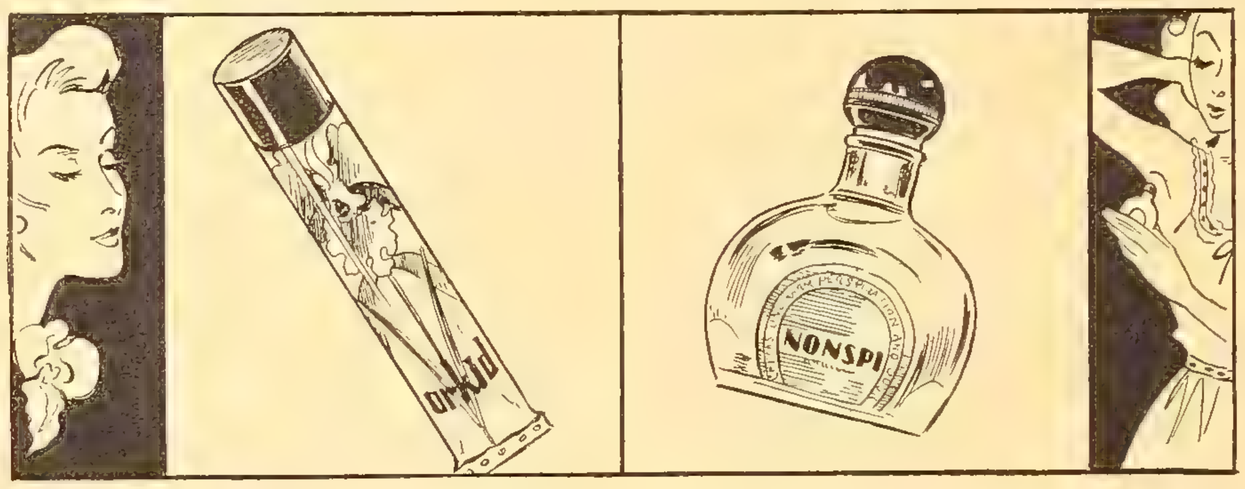
Yours for Loveliness

Points of interest from head to toe for those who would atraveling go and for stay-at-homes.



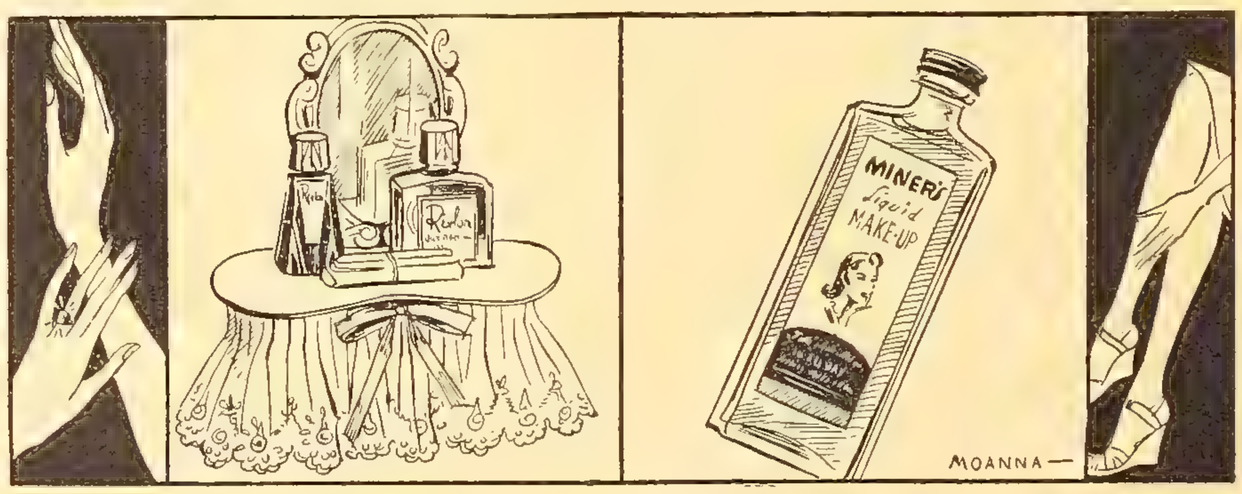
TOO much hot July sun; too much salt water bathing; too much heat generally and your baby-soft body skin isn't what it used to be. There's softening, soothing help and plenty of it in the new giant bath size of Jergens Lotion. Keep it by your tub, and use after your bath for a velvet skin. That huge opaline bottle may later be used for a lamp base. And try Jergens new Morning Glory Cologne, sweet and fresh as an early and sparkling Summer morn.

FROM Richard Hudnut comes a galaxy of intimate sweetness in Spring Lilac, to blend with lilac costume tones that promise all-Summer importance. Shown, are the dusting powder, talcum and cologne. There are also three sizes in perfume, and toilet water with or without atomizer. In each charmer, the flower fragrance is faithfully captured in smart containers, ever to remind you of soft winds over country gardens and the gentle lilac in the Spring.



CAN you imagine shampooing with whipped cream? Orkid, an imaginative new shampoo by Lechler, is in light, frothy cream form, to be smoothed to a mother-of-pearl foam in your hands, then applied to your hair. It is exceedingly easy and delightful to use, and the creamy quality later imparts to your hair beautiful highlights and a rich sheen. I don't think you have known anything like it before, and the tube is convenient for vacation packing.

FOR "difficult" perspiration cases, I have often suggested Nonspi, and practically everyone has later thanked me. Here is an excellent product for all, in a most convenient bottle. The perforated cap applies the product to the skin. It seems to do a very thorough job as a nonperspirant and deodorant, is dependable and gentle. If you are in process of trying to find your sure aid, try Nonspi. This department grades it high! Nonspi comes in cream form, also.



WHEN I saw Revlon's miniature dressing table package, I wished I were six. The table is so perfect for a little girl's play. But when I review the many gorgeous finger embellishments, among them Cherry Coke, Hot Dog and Rosy Future, I'm glad I can wear them. The little table comes with your preferred shade of enamel, oily remover, emery boards, orangewood stick and cotton. It costs only the price of the splendid products, is a perfect small gift.

"POUR yourself a pair of stockings" is our leg beauty theme song for Summer. You "pour" these "stockings" with Miner's Liquid Make-Up, which gives your legs a new beauty and glamor. The deep Hawaiian shade is perfect for legs, but any tone will do a neat trick. Wonderful when you go stockingless, yet want to glamorize your legs. The same Miner's adds a beauty finish to face, neck and arms, and it stays put a long time. C. M.



Little lessons in "finding time." Irene Dunne, between scenes of "Unfinished Business," catches up on current reading.

That "Finishing" Business

Continued from page 57

simply cannot go haphazardly on your wa and expect to have that beautiful, freshl turned-out look. No matter what your cir cumstances, there is a plan that will wor for you, just like a plan for saving mone or doing your job or running your home It is far easier to achieve any purpose b setting your course than by whim.

If you are a business girl or hope to b one, reconcile yourself to the fact that yo must get up half an hour earlier than ab solutely necessary if you would leave hom at the peak of perfection for what the da may bring. That half hour gives you tim to put on make-up carefully, to do you hair perfectly, to fix up a chipped nail, t sew on that slip strap instead of resortin



Miss Dunne concentrates on the daily paper to keep abreast of world history making. Reading will help your conversation.



f you possess an autographed picture of his star, perhaps it was at such a moment he found time to write, "Irene Dunne."

b the pin method. Actually, it will give ou time to do everything so well that hen done, you can afford to forget yourelf.

Allot your time for good looks. Set a day or your manicure, professional or homeone, and stick to it. That means avoiding hose fumbling fingers and definite confusion on social occasions when you would ive anything for pretty fingers and are onscious that your own are careless and he polish chipped. Decide whether you eed a shampoo every week, ten days or wo weeks, and keep this date on schedule. With blonde hair, with fine hair and with hite or grey hair, even a day or two beond the appointed time shows definitely in our hair. And how many of us have muffed ur greatest moments because they came oo unexpectedly and we couldn't meet hem in appearance. Make a definite date ith your basin for fine lingerie, blouses nd the little things girls like to do themelves. Stockings get their bath every night, emember. Once a week, look over your



Miss Dunne thought she was to hear a record of one of her songs. Instead, her co-players are merrily ribbing the star.

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HAIR RESTYLED

BY *Perc Westmore*



PERC WESTMORE is responsible for the coiffure and make-up of such great stars as Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Merle Oberon, Olivia de Haviland, Brenda Marshall . . . and at one time or another has worked with practically every great star of Hollywood. He has created more hair styles that have swept the country than anyone in the profession.

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. . . and this greatest of all hair stylists, who makes up Hollywood's most beautiful stars, will serve you too. You will receive a portrait copy of your photograph with your hair completely restyled to bring out every bit of your inherent charm and loveliness—all ready for reproduction by your favorite hairdresser. Thus you will see yourself as others will see you, before your hairdresser actually duplicates your glorious new Perc Westmore hair-do.



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4953 Sunset Boulevard,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

2. For best results, send a clear, sharp print. It can be a very small snapshot (all snapshots are enlarged) or a larger size photograph. Select a full face view or one with face slightly turned.

3. Write name and address lightly, in ink, on back of photo and give your height, color of hair and eyes, and complexion.

4. Send 50c in coin to cover complete cost of restyling, enlarging to portrait size photograph, facial analysis, individual make-up directions, handling and return postage.

5. Your original photograph will not be returned. You will receive a new portrait photograph with your hair restyled to suit your individuality.

6. This offer good **only** in U. S. A.

Perc Westmore WILL ALSO GIVE YOU COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL MAKE-UP

These directions will emphasize your good features and play down your weak ones. Followed carefully they will add much to your loveliness. IN ADDITION—the famous beauty experts pictured here, and others, in a "Beauty . . . and You" brochure, give you the priceless glamour secrets that they prescribe for moviedom's greatest stars.

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ORRY-KELLY — Warner Bros. Fashion Designer

JULIETTE MARGLEN — Authority on hand and nail beauty

BUD WESTMORE — of Twentieth Century-Fox

PAUL M. MAC WILLIAMS — Consultant on care of the teeth

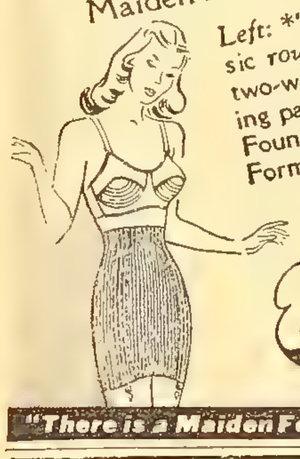
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Left: *"Inter-Lude" brassieres give classic *rounded* lines; shown with *"Curtsy" two-way-stretch Girdle No. 1506 (matching pantie No. 1526)-$2.00. Send for free Foundation Style Booklet 2: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

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Girls say NIX to UNDER-ARM ODOR

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Send only 25¢ FRANKLIN HOUSE, *Publishers* 629 Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa. Dept. 3E.



Having completed "A Woman's Face," Joan Crawford treated herself to a well-earned vacation in New York. She paid a visit to the Post Office to make a wise investment in Uncle Sam's Defense Savings Bonds. Millions of alert Americans are also following suit.

wardrobe; decide what should be cleaned or pressed and get it off at once.

If you are a home-body, your schedule will be different. In daylight and fresh air, you can do much that your working sisters must do by night. Perhaps your beauty time is just after luncheon. Make time for it, and work out your calendar of personal care. Use every possible beauty-saving device in your housework, like soap beads or flakes for the dishes, gloves when dusting. If you are a bride, be smart and use your skin softening cream or your curlers when your only companion is the kitchen sink. They work just as well by day as by night, and then you need never present the disillusionment as portrayed by the comic supplements, and your husband will probably boast, "My wife always looks pretty. She never puts those funny things on her head or gets all greased up." What he doesn't know in this case won't hurt him.

Now we are up against a situation that confronts every one of us at times. We want to improve; we are willing to work for improvement; but we don't know what to do about ourselves. Most of us have too many preconceived notions about our appearance simply because we don't see ourselves as others see us. These notions keep us from exploring and discovering interesting angles about ourselves, and possibly curves, too. We ask advice, only to have our ideas about ourselves confirmed by others, instead of having absolutely open minds and proving new ideas to ourselves. But ask, if in doubt. Read your magazines and papers for help that applies directly to you. Take advantage of radio on good looks. Join any classes that are available to you. Experiment, and just see what you discover. If you are a school girl and your public school, high school or college has classes on good looks, join by all means. One Brooklyn high school is doing commendable work along personality and fashion lines for its students. I urge an attitude of keen interest in your looks, and action, and, not for vanity's sake. This departme has little use for that alone, but rath in the interests of living fully and getti the very most you can out of life, whi means making the best of every possibili within and about you. That's successf living, and full and happy living. We st cling to our dreams of handsome, cour geous and manly men, and so it is mo than likely that every man's dream g is something quite easy to look at. Aga eye appeal is so largely a matter of ma ing an attractive picture of yourself, ha monious, in good taste, colorful and ali

Since Irene Dunne started this whc train of thought, a word picture seems order. I first met her about five years ag Her hair is a warm light brown; her ey are light brown, too, and her skin see to blend with both. She has a cultur voice, low and pleasing, and she does r talk too rapidly. At that time she had ji had a new hair-do, a tailored bob th very smart but which would look rath strange in this day of pompadours. "It h an upward swing," she told me, "to ha monize with the tip of my nose." Hc typical was that remark of a keen obseri tion and sensitiveness, probably the re of her excellent taste. Though she h beautiful furs and jewels, Miss Dur dresses very simply. Her clothes are ne sensational and she is somewhat of a s girl. She has a good figure for suits.

At this point, shall we get out our sewi kits, sit right down and substitute a f neat stitches in that hem now held in pl with a safety pin? Shorten that long l gering slip? Fix a button here and thei

And shall we go through the wardro discarding every dubious garment or that we just might wear on a rainy day be practical? Yes, by all means. Hangov in clothing do us more harm than they e do the budget good. Better, we think, t well organized costumes with appropri accessories than half a dozen new dres with nothing to go with them. Get rid the clothes of which you are not sure. So body or some organization will welcc them. It is charity in this case to give a greater charity to yourself to get rid what isn't right for you.

Then let's scrutinize our make-up w an all-seeing eye. Isn't that powder light for your sun-warmed skin no Isn't that pinky lipstick, so sweet with y first flower hat and lingerie blouse, jus little too ænemic with your sun tan? A wouldn't it be smart to harmonize that t lacquer with your new lipstick tone, maybe try a sleeker hair-do for the wa days? And give your legs more frequ depilatory care with frequent dilly-dally on the beach? And try a leg make-up i rich, deep tan, so you can go stocking and yet look so nicely groomed?

And wouldn't it be nice to smell lik flower garden even while you prepare c ner for that hungry husband or take pa of dictation? You do this with eau Cologne, never strong enough to hit e the most sensitive boss in the face but j fresh and lovely enough to remind oth of that famous advertising perfume l "Some one lovely has just passed by." dollar or less buys a quantity of the sw est smelling things, some with spray tc that you can afford to luxuriate in. An spray or two of sweet seduction while set the table or file your letters will mind you that you are still a lovely per in spite of the daily grind.

That finishing of ourselves is so wc thought, care and work. With the excep of Schubert's great "Unfinished Sy phony" and Miss Dunne's picture, "Un ished Business," the world has not m patience with you or your job half d It asks for the finished product, perfe presented!

Will Mickey Win Linda?

Continued from page 23

dancing, bowling, riding, with the screen's young idol! It must just about kill Jaime. "He writes and tells me every place I have been," said Linda. "I guess the newspapers must keep him informed. He is very jealous of Mick."

"And is Mickey jealous of Jaime?" I asked.

"Mickey says that in a year or so I'll get over it," Linda said, very seriously. "That's one of the things I like about Mick. He knows I'm kind of attached—and he's very sweet about it."

Jaime Yorba, as you doubtless know if you read the magazines, is Linda Darnell's first romance—and *only* romance up until the advent of Mr. Rooney, some few months ago. But to understand Linda's problems we have to go back four years ago, when she first met him, in Dallas, Texas. Jaime came into Linda's young life when it was at its lowest ebb, when she really needed a friend. Although she was only fourteen at the time, Linda's heart had been completely broken—by a cold, callous Hollywood that had sent for her, and then after a balled-up screen test, had told her to go home, that she would never become an actress. (If you saw Linda in "Star Dust" you know all about this, parts of that picture were Linda's actual experiences.) It's very humiliating to have to go back to your home town, and admit that you're a failure, especially at fourteen. Linda's family, naturally, were kind and understanding, even though the kids were disappointed about Hollywood, but her classmates were something else again. It's strange how cruel children can be. "At all hours of the night the phone would ring," Linda said, "and when I answered it some child would say, 'How would you like to make a screen test?' or 'Is this Linda Dar-



Blonde, dimpled, dainty Sonja Henie will soon be seen with John Payne in "Sun Valley Serenade." Sonja has been away too long.

Lollipop and Butterscotch for Summer's "Sweet fingertips"



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A drop of Eye-Gene in each eye, and in a *few seconds* your eyes will be crystal-clear . . . feel soothed and refreshed. For lovelier eyes wash them with this stainless, safe, specialist's formula daily. For sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.



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Take it easy, girls! We don't relish the idea of those slithery knives at John Carroll's throat. A scene from M-G-M's "Lady Be Good" with Eleanor Powell and Ann Sothern.

nell the great moving picture star?' and they'd just die laughing, while I, of course, cried my eyes out the rest of the night."

Jaime Yorba is a Spanish refugee. And handsome. He had a permit to stay in the United States for three months. He wanted to study English and that's what he was doing in Dallas. Linda was trying to make up for the time she lost in Hollywood, and was doing extra work in the Dean's office. That's where she met Jaime. "I was sad and sort of crushed," said Linda, "and when we were introduced I said how do you do without any interest—and then I looked again." Jaime, evidently, was the Clark Gable of Sunset High School. "All the girls went screwy about him," said Linda, "including myself." No wonder, Jaime was twenty, handsome, and full of Old World gallantry.

"I lived eight blocks from the school," said Linda. "He used to walk home with me every afternoon. I used to wish it was eighty blocks!"

And so Jaime and Linda fell in love, that first love that is always the most important in a man or woman's life. Jaime forgot all about his three months permit. And then Linda got an innocent little wire again on the morning of April 2, 1939, summoning her a second time to the land of promise—except this time it turned out to be more than just a promise. And Linda wasn't the only one who was told to pack in a hurry that same week—Jaime was notified that he had overstayed his permit, that he would have to leave the United States immediately, and that it would be very difficult for him to return. But laws mean little to a man in love, so Jaime bid Linda a tearful goodbye, with a "sort of an understanding," and assured her that he would be in Hollywood with her before Fall.

"That was three years ago," said Linda. "Jaime couldn't get out of Mexico. He wrote me constantly, always saying that he would see me soon. And then—things began to happen to me. I became terribly interested in my career—and I met Mick. I met him for the first time last October 19th. I didn't want to meet him because I had read a lot of things about him and I thought that he must be terribly conceited and fresh as everything. My agent, Mr. Freeman, and his wife invited Mick and me to go to the theater with them that night—he's also Mick's agent. And I had a big surprise coming to me. Mick isn't conceited at all. He's just about the most sincere person I've ever met. He's so different from anybody I've ever met before. Sweet and considerate, and so much fun. When I started going with him you have no idea how many people went out of their way to say to me, 'What do you mean! A nice girl like you! Don't you know that Mickey Rooney is the wildest person in Hollywood?' Well, all I know is that around me Mick is as nice as he can be. He respects me. He knows I don't like dirty stories and all that and when we are out together he watches out for me like a mother hen."

So there was our little Linda, falling in love with Mickey Rooney, and you can't blame her for that, but all the time cherishing the memory of her first romance. It was then that she said, "I will never fall in love with anyone until I *know.*" But how could she know whether it was only a childish memory or a reality? Jaime was hundreds of miles away. He could not cross the border. And she did not have money enough to go to him. "But the more I thought about it," said Linda, "the more I knew that I would have to see him again before I could become interested in anyone else. Three years is a long time. And during that time I had grown up. Maybe I wouldn't like him now that I had become an adult. I *must know.*"

Last winter the Kansas City Horse Show sent an invitation to Linda to represent Hollywood at that gala event—all expenses paid for herself and her mother. And that's when Linda did a little high class fenagling. The studio approved of her going to the Horse Show, so she told the Kansas City officials she would be glad to accept if they would give her a return trip to Hollywood via Mexico City. They would be delighted. And so Linda and her mother arrived in Mexico City and were met at the station by a Jaime simply hysterical with joy. Linda took one look at Jaime—and knew that she had not cherished a memory for three years all for nothing. Jaime was still "in."

The visit, however, was rather unsatis-

factory. "Every time we tried to snatch a few hours off to be together somebody interfered," Linda sighed. Mexico City went mad about her, of course, and there were all sorts of banquets, and luncheons, and official things to do—and you can be sure that the representatives of Twentieth Century-Fox there were determined to make as much out of Linda's visit as possible. "At banquets," said Linda sadly, "they would place him at one end of the table and me at the other. Every time we thought we were going to be alone somebody would turn a spotlight on us. Jaime was furious. I was on my toes every minute trying to keep him pacified. I tried to explain to him about studio publicity, but he simply wouldn't try to understand.

"He is dead set against a woman having a career. If I married him he would want me to give up my career—and I love my career, I don't *want* to give it up. He would want to be the boss of the family, and that wouldn't suit me. I realize that he can't change his viewpoint, that he's a European—but I'm terribly fond of him. Reason tells me that we live in entirely different worlds. I know we can't marry. But I just can't say to him that this is the end."

This summer Jaime's permit to stay in Mexico is up. He can't come to the United States. Back to Spain? Perhaps, but that would be six thousand miles or more away from the girl he loves. "In his last letter," said Linda, "he said he just didn't know what to do."

And poor Linda doesn't know what to do either.

They tell a very amusing story on Linda at the studio. It seems there was a visiting editor out from New York last winter who wanted to meet all the young hopefuls at a luncheon at the studio. Carole Landis was there, and Betty Grable, and Mary Beth Hughes, and Cobina Wright, Jr., and Linda. The conversation turned to "love" and all the girls were expressing opinions. Linda didn't say a word. Finally someone turned to Linda and said, "What do you think, Linda?"

Linda looked hastily at her watch. "I'm so sorry," she said, "I haven't time to answer, I have to go to school."



Greer Garson, mothering a tot in the touching film, "Blossoms in the Dust." The story is based on the real biography of a noble woman.



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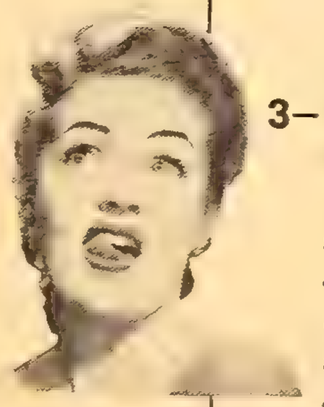
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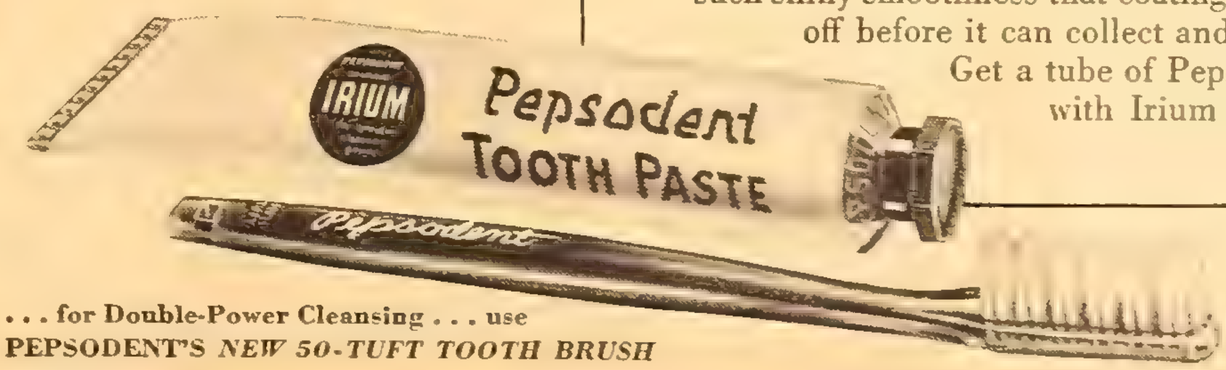
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Heroine to her Hairdresser

Continued from page 51

was what she'd heard or read, and she was on her guard. I found out later," Turpy smiled, "that both she and Rosemary shared a sneaking suspicion the first thing we'd want to do would be to bleach or dye their hair. They'd made up their minds," she went on, "that they'd quit the minute we tried it."

That they *didn't* try it is one of the reasons Turpy is still working on Pat's hair at Warners. But it doesn't account for the friendship between the star and the hairdresser. To me, always positive my hairdresser is my mortal foe when she talks me out of wearing curls where I want them, such a friendship is an incredible thing. Turpy cleared it up.

"Pat has definite ideas about what she wants done with her hair," she explained, "but she's reasonable. When I try it her way and she realizes I was right, she admits it. On the other hand," Turpy went on, "if, after I get through, she still thinks *she's* right, she sticks by her guns and I give in."

With this give-and-take as a basis, they got along so well together during working hours that pretty soon they were seeing each other outside the studio, too. Visiting at each others' homes or going off to the mountains for weekends of hiking.

"Pat likes the simple things," Turpy told me, "she doesn't go in for Hollywood parties or that sort of thing. She'd much rather play badminton, for instance, than dress up and step out to a night club." She added thoughtfully: "John is like that, too."

John is John Barry, editor of a Victorville, California, newspaper, with whom Pat's name has been linked romantically for some time now. It was even rumored at the time she obtained her divorce from Oren Haglund that her interest in John might be the reason. It's true that she spends all her spare time in Yucca Loma, a desert resort near Victorville, and it's also true that John makes his home in a bungalow on the grounds of the hotel where she stops. But whether it follows that she will marry John, she won't say. She will admit, however, that she has the time of her life with him, horseback-riding and dancing at the Green Spot, Victorville rendezvous for all the cowboys for miles around. As Turpy says, Pat loves the simple things and she's never happier than when she dons cowboy clothes and boots and sets off for the desert.

But Pat's interest in cowboys, at least, started before she met John. When she was making "Cowboy from Brooklyn," for instance, the director always knew where to find her when he needed her. She was sure to be somewhere just out of camera range, talking to the cowboys working in the picture or learning rope tricks, of all things! So their common love of the outdoors is no doubt at the bottom of his new friendship—or is it romance?—of Pat's and John's. Whether it actually is a romance, Turpy said she didn't know. The only person who does for sure is Priscilla herself, and she refuses to discuss it.

"There's nothing I can tell you about it," Turpy said again, by way of emphasis. "Pat doesn't discuss her personal affairs much, even with her friends." Then she was silent a while, picking thoughtfully at her salad. "I suppose you know about Pat's eating habits?" she asked, suddenly reminded. I shook my head.

"She goes on food binges," Turpy said, "choosing one food and sticking to it three times a day until she grows tired of it. Once, when she was on a chili bean binge, she even gave a chili bean dinner for the cast of 'Brother Rat and a Baby.'"

Despite her healthy appetite, there are times when Pat is underweight, especially when she's been working very hard. She'd made three pictures in a row before "Four Wives," and the start of the film found her running far behind her usual poundage. "One day her mother visited the set with some candy," Turpy said. "Rosemary and Lola wanted to be in on the feast, but Mrs. Lane looked them over carefully and said meaningly: 'Pat needs this more than you.' They took the hint," Turpy laughed, "and watched while she swallowed the chocolate.

"But Pat doesn't like a lot of attention on the set," Turpy went on quickly. "As a matter of fact, it's because I know when to leave her alone that we remain good friends. When Pat is doing a dramatic scene for a picture, she'll go off in a corner by herself," Turpy explained, "and read or just sit quietly between shots. We've all learned to understand her need for privacy at such times, so we don't bother her. We save the visiting for the comedy sequences."

Once the dramatic scenes are filmed, Pat relaxes, is gay. Then is when she indulges her love for gags. She pulled a honey of a one on a new cameraman during a recent picture. "Pat told him, with the usual convincing dead-pan, of course," Turpy said, smiling, "that her face wasn't symmetrical, and that therefore they built up one side of it with wax. 'We have to be very careful,' Pat explained to him, 'that the wax doesn't start to drip under the hot lights, while the camera is on it.' And she finished," Turpy said, laughing, "with an earnest: 'You'll watch it, won't you?' Another time she startled a set visitor by blocking off two front teeth with black chewing gum. When the unsuspecting visitor asked for her autograph, Pat obliged and then smiled her best smile for him—with the two teeth apparently missing. You could hear his gasp all over the set, and then Pat's giggle."

I wanted to know whether Priscilla had ever tried any of her gags on her hairdresser. "She certainly did," Turpy said, "and well as I know her, she had me believing it." It happened during the filming of "Four Daughters," when Turpy and her husband, who isn't in the picture business, were building a new house. She wanted to select bricks for the fireplace and, since nothing much seemed to be happening on the set, went away for two hours. "When I returned," she chuckled, "I found Pat and the head of my department waiting for me, to tell me they had suddenly decided to change Pat's hairdress for the scene, and had needed me. My absence had held everything up, they said. Pat was raging about, shouting that she couldn't have that sort of thing, she needed a hairdresser who was there when she wanted her. I was through, she said. They put on such a good act," Turpy said, laughing, "that I was all ready to pack and leave by the time they let me in on the gag."

That's as near to a quarrel as Pat and Turpy have ever come, in their four years of association at the studio and at their homes.

"I always feel like one of the family when I visit the Lanes," Turpy said. "Their house in the valley is such a cheerful place. Pat and Rosemary bought the house they live in, in San Fernando Valley, and they make their home with their mother. But it's understood that it's Mrs. Lane's house," Turpy said, "to do with as she pleases. The girls both want it that way. One of the first things you notice and admire about Mrs. Lane is the way she handles her daughters. I've never heard her say, as so many mothers do, 'Your sister does thus-and-so, why don't you?' Her attitude has always been that they're individuals and she respects their right to act as individuals."

One of the things Pat likes to do at home is write poetry, and her room is littered with it. "She writes all sorts of things," Turpy said. "The time *Thanks for the Memory* was popular, Pat spent a lot of time composing new lyrics to fit the song. She must have written dozens."

It was time for Turpy to go back to work, and she started to leave. "Did I tell you what you wanted to know?" she asked curiously.

"You certainly did," I assured her. "And if I hadn't known it already, I'd know now that if you want a clear picture of a star, you've got to get it from someone who's around when the cameras aren't."



Jeffrey Lynn discovers Priscilla Lane in "Million Dollar Baby," their new Warner Bros. starrer.

Sez "Coop" to Cooper

Continued from page 55

COOPER—I've heard it called that.

COOP—Then how did you feel when that girl came up a little while ago, and told you how grand you were in "John Doe?"

COOPER—Embarrassed! But so was she. And when you see someone else is embarrassed, it eases your own embarrassment.

COOP—How did you ever learn to act?

COOPER—There's a question as to whether I ever did! I experimented with the technique and mechanics of acting, but didn't get far. Always made me self-conscious, trying to use modulations of voice and play of tone and all the other things finished actors know how to do. There are one or two established tricks, like timing, that come more or less automatically after a while. Otherwise, I have no technique.

COOP—What do you do when you're up there in front of the camera?

COOPER—Listen to the director, try to feel myself into the skin of the person I'm supposed to be, try to think how he'd act in a given situation, let the rest take care of itself. That's the only thing I *can* do.

COOP—Is it hard?

COOPER—If I had more technique, I might use up less nervous energy or something. This way, it sometimes feels at the end of the day as if you'd been hauled by the heels over the Hollywood hills.

COOP—Is screen acting an art or a business?

COOPER—Ask the marines! I think of myself as a commodity, like a make of car, with a personality that photographs and has a market value.

COOP—They say you don't like publicity. How about it?

COOPER—That can't be answered by yes or no. The natural inclination is to duck the whole works. Then the publicity people come at you, that's their job. Golly, they say, you *have* to go to Chicago to help open the picture, we've spent so much dough, did you see last night's paper, did you see this morning's paper, there's going to be a terrific turnout. So you give yourself a rough argument, pro and con. The principal con is, what business have you got riding down the street in front of a bunch of people, like a hero or someone who's really done something? Makes you feel silly. It keeps sneaking in on you all the time, how do you know there'll *be* any people? Pretty funny if there weren't. The principal pro is the sales talk. You owe it to the boss. So, depending on your sense of obligation, you do it or don't.

COOP—How does it feel when you're actually doing it?

COOPER—That's the peculiar thing. You start down the street, wishing you were the invisible man, and people start waving at you. They seem to be having fun, they seem to like it. You think, after all, they don't have to come out and wave if they don't want to, nobody told them to. You think, what's the difference, you're not hurting anybody. And pretty soon, you begin having fun yourself. It's catching. It's like sneaking a couple of drinks and feeling happy.



Gary Cooper in a rôle that fits him to a "T," that of World War hero "Sergeant York." "Coop" handles a rifle like an expert.

COOP—So next time all the publicity guys have to do is crook a finger.

COOPER—(grinning) I wouldn't go that far. You see, there's always the initial

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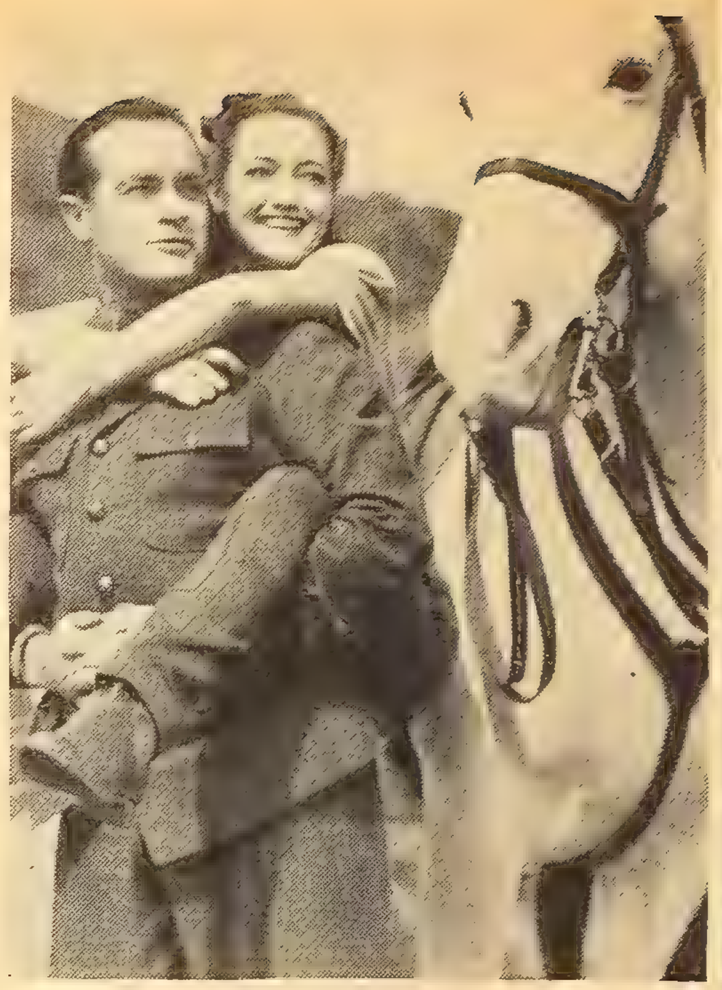
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If this stallion could speak he'd say, "actors get all the breaks." Bob Hope "Caught in the Draft" with Dorothy Lamour.

panic to overcome. And there's bound to be a headache or two along the way. Getting up on a stage, for instance. You shouldn't do that unless you can dance or sing or tell 'em a tale. But the boys say no, all they want is to see you. So you find yourself uttering words, and you're not funny or very intelligent or coherent. You feel you're up there under false pretenses. Your original hunch was right.

COOP—You mean they throw things?

COOPER—Not yet! As a matter of fact, they've always been very kind. Which makes you feel worse. Because they don't get a run for their money. The least I could do is turn handsprings for them.

COOP—Why don't you?

COOPER—And fall on my face?—It's an idea, at that. Give 'em a laugh.

COOP—What've you learned along the way? What would you tell a guy who was starting where you did ten years ago?

COOPER—Not to shoot his face off. You're likely to do less harm by keeping your mouth shut than open.

COOP—As for instance?

COOPER—Well, everybody in Hollywood has a problem, and no fellow really understands the other fellow's situation thoroughly. So you're seldom qualified to give advice. Somebody comes to you, let's say. "They want me to do this part," he tells you. "I've read it, and it stinks. I'd be miscast." He tells it to you in such a way that you may agree with him. You get hot and bothered. "Tell 'em to go soak themselves," you say. "Who do they think you are? Tell 'em you won't do it." The guy was steamed up before, you give it the finishing touch. He goes and raises hell. Somebody else does the part and it does the other person a world of good. The first guy gets sore at you. Even if he doesn't say so, he's thinking, why did that fathead have to sound off? And he's right. Then there's another kind of talk that does still more harm. You meet a lot of people. Some you like immediately, some you dislike immediately. You've got no reason to dislike 'em—just something you get or don't get in the personality. A name comes up, and you find yourself throwing in a crack about a fellow you don't really know. Maybe you get to know him later, and discover how thoroughly wrong you've been. Maybe he's like yourself—selfconscious in certain company, always putting the wrong foot forward at the right time, with a—kind of diffidence, maybe, that covers up what he's really like. You've contributed loose talk about someone who never hurt you, who's said only nice things about you maybe, and when you hear that, you really feel like a louse.

COOP—Same idea as "John Doe"?

COOPER—Something like it. Only I dug this up on my own, not to plug the picture.

COOP—It's "Sergeant York" we ought to be plugging now.

COOPER (Uneasily)—Sure. Can't we leave it to the publicity boys?

COOP—Here's something I've always wanted to get from headquarters. This one'll tell you Hollywood's bughouse. That one'll tell you it's as normal as any place else. Which is it?

COOPER—Both! But more sane than loony. Only people like to believe it's the other way round. More exciting. Say, something crazy happens in Hollywood. By the time the public hears about it, it's been blown up till it really sounds like a dinger. I maintain that life in Hollywood, as lived by seventy-five percent of the movie crowd, is normal. Screwballs here, same as everywhere else. But the average of decent, hardworking people is as high here as anywhere. In liberality, higher. I think they part with more money for the other fellow than persons of equivalent earning power in other walks of life. I think they're okay. Get a little tired of seeing mud slung at 'em. Makes me a little mad.

COOP—What about plush bathtubs and goldlined swimming pools?

COOPER—And a team of white elephants to drag 'em up Hollywood Boulevard! That's what I mean by blowing things up. Most of the movie people I know spend sanely and save sanely. Of course you could live in a two-room flat, hire no one to do your laundry, pay what dough you should to the government, and come out with a fairly goodsized piece of jack at the end of a few years. But to do that, you'd have to divorce yourself from life. On the other hand, you don't have to own an expensive foreign car or jewelry from here to there. You can live as you would



Dorothy Thompson, brilliant columnist and radio commentator, visits blonde Virginia Bruce and director Al Green on the "Senate Page Boys" set. With all Miss Thompson's inside Washington dope, it would seem her presence was a decided asset to the all-star cast.



There's a definitely undecided look in Joan Bennett's eye, almost as though she is giving last-minute contemplation as to who will be the lucky man in "She Knew All the Answers." The predatory males, John Hubbard and Franchot Tone—as though you didn't know.

in any town, spend according to your means, save in proportion, make a group of congenial friends, entertain once a week, enjoy the present and plan for the future—as far as your spirits will let you, knowing what people on the other side are going through. Of course there's this. If you stick around Hollywood all the time, there's the risk of losing your sense of proportion. You want to get out every so often. And that doesn't mean hop a train, go to New York, spend your time at 21 and the shows, and come on back. That way, you lose contact with what your country's made up of—the people in between. When you get the chance, let Hollywood and New York go hang. If I happen to be off in the winter, my wife and I drive a couple of days out of Tucson for the hunting. Or up to Idaho for the trout-fishing. I was born in the Rocky Mountain section. It's beautiful. We get out into the real country, and stay as long as we can among the people of the country. I haven't the words to describe exactly what it does for you. All I can say is, it makes you feel good. We stop at little towns and sort of look around a bit, go into stores, see what other folks do, see what a dollar buys there, compared with what it buys in Hollywood and New York. The difference is sometimes pretty startling. When you get back, your perspective's clearer.

COOP—I hear you've always wanted a cattle ranch in the Rockies.

COOPER—Still do. May get one yet if I can find the right place.

COOP—What do you do with yourself when you're not working?

COOPER—Does anyone care?

COOP—You'd be surprised!

COOPER—Well, what I like best when I get a day off is to ride. We keep a couple of saddle horses on a ranch leased by a friend of mine, about half an hour's drive from the house. I like tennis too, swell way to get a workout. Never played till I married, but my wife's very good and I had to learn in self-defense. She can still beat me, though I've had her on the ragged edge once or twice.

COOP—How about evenings?

COOPER—When I'm working, just dinner and maybe a movie. We see most of them at the neighborhood theater. Once in a while in a friend's projection room. One thing I don't do is curl up with a book. Not much of a hand at keeping up with the current output. Half a dozen pages and I'm washed up. Go out maybe once a week. Dance—after a fashion. I'm not very hot at it. It's fun, though.

COOP—How old's the little girl? Maria?

COOPER—Three and a half.

COOP—What are you trying to do with that handkerchief? Make shredded wheat?

COOPER—How about laying off me at this point?

COOP—Ah, come on, Coop. I know you don't give out about the kid, but strain a point, will you? Does she look like you?

COOPER—People say she looks like both of us. I don't think she looks like either of us. She's quite a kid, husky, big for her age and plenty tough. Likes to get out on the beach and into the water. I'm going to teach her to swim this summer.

COOP—What do you mean, she's tough?

COOPER—Just naturally tough, that's all! Rides a bike. Rides a pony. I take her down to the place where they sell pony-rides, and she doesn't want me to hold her on. Nuts about stories. Stuff like Henny-Penny and Peter Rabbit. Makes me read 'em over and over. All the way through too. Won't let me skip. She's got a couple of bantam hens and a rooster. To her the chickens are the actual chickens in the book. Walked out of the pages. Same with Peter Rabbit. Once in a while she'll see a cottontail go whisking over the grass. She can't understand why he won't say hello to her, why he's such a friendly guy in the book and so shy on the lawn. This stuff sounds kind of silly to me!

COOP—Sounds like music to me. Know any more like that?

COOPER—Well, she did pull a fast one the other day. Heard somebody say, "Pop's going out." She picked it up quick. "G'by, Pop," she said. Sort of surprising, the first time your kid calls you Pop. Look, this is nothing new to people with kids of their own. It'll bore the hide off 'em. Got to be getting back to the set, anyhow. Been nice seeing you. Come around again, and we'll talk about bears and mountain lions. So long.

COOP—So long, Pop!

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—by a dancer

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What It Takes to be A Hollywood Husband!

Continued from page 26

and they were all busy. Remembering his friend's halting recommendation of Rita, he phoned her grudgingly. The voice at the other end of the line was quiet and quite prim. "No, I'm not busy," she was saying in that soft voice. "Yes, you may come up, but if you want to take me out you must meet Mother and Father first."

Holy smoke! Judson winced but went. Surprisingly, the girl was not dull or mousey. She had a full-blown, lush brunette beauty and was quite a looker—if you looked hard enough. Trouble was, she was timid and shy and hid her light under a dark bag of a dress.

When he left that evening, Ed thought: "There's a potential keg of dynamite if only she'd let up. That girl could be the greatest siren in pictures if she only knew what to do with herself. Why, she could make every other girl look like Miss North Clam Beach of 1925."

A week later, Judson, leaving for South America, called on Rita to say goodbye. At that time, Rita was working in westerns at one of the Grade B movie outfits that turn out "quickies." She had just been let out at Fox and this was the sure road to oblivion. Eddie found her sitting on a box in the dim, draughty stage. Her Mother was hovering over her.

"Look here," he said impatiently, and without quite meaning to say it, "your mother shouldn't be here with you while you're working. You're a big girl now. How do you expect to be treated like one if you're always tied to Mama's apron strings?"

Rita looked up with a start, and Eddie backed away embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to butt in and no reflection on your Mother, you know. It's just that I think you can go far if only you'd do things the smart way, instead of the wrong way. . . ."

And so they were married! It was after marriage that this modern Pygmalion took his Galatea in hand and transformed her from an obscure, drab bit player who loitered on the fringe of the movie sets, into a breath-taking star, a girl who is more in demand for gloriously glamorous rôles than any other star in Hollywood. During the past year, Rita's salary was doubled and she has had only eleven days off in all between pictures. She has appeared in seven pictures and could have worked in five times that many if she were quintuplets.

How it was done is not magic, but Judson. Eddie Judson is a shrewd businessman. He used the same business principles to sell Rita that he employed to sell automobiles and oil contracts. He mapped out each step of his wife's campaign just as he would map out a sales campaign. There would have to be certain investments made in Rita, but each investment would have to pay. This would seem like a daring—perhaps an idiotic campaign to anyone else. To Eddie Judson it was safe and sound business principles to put a commodity across, and they sat down together to map it out.

"You're lucky you aren't too well known in Hollywood," Ed told her, not unkindly. "Because you're going to start all over again, and this time the right way. Here's the way we ought to plan it: *Step No. 1* will be self-improvement. *Step No. 2* will be self-display. *Step No. 3* will be making a name for yourself. *Step No. 4* will be getting the right rôles and keeping you smack before the public so that you'll be 'hot' at the box office."

Rita listened breathlessly to her husband's ambitious plans. Without his vision and common sense to conceive this undertaking, and without his financial aid at the beginning to help her, Rita might still be one of the girls in the mob scene.

They decided that she should take diction, French and singing lessons to improve the resonance and flexibility of her voice; then dramatic lessons to make her less self-conscious and more professional. Rita studied prodigiously. Lessons were the best—$20 a shot for dramatic lessons, $10 apiece for singing and so on.

With Rita studying so intensively, there was so much improvement within six months that they decided she was ready for Step No. 2—to wit, self-display.

Eddie went with her on the first clothes-buying splurge and selected a form-fitting gray gown that clung to her like silver fluid poured over her body. Then he suggested that she wear her hair long and loosely waved, instead of in the tight, tortured curls that were the style then.

"I'm not a clothes designer or a hairdresser," Ed laughed, "but I am a man and I know what men like to see on women."

Following Eddie's advice to the letter, Rita appeared before him dressed exactly as he had told her, her head held high and proud.

"Honey, you look wonderful," he gasped. "Now I want to show you off to the right people."

He took her to the Trocadero that night, and it was to be the turning point in her career. Eddie knew what he was doing when he escorted her into the plush inner sanctums. This was the hangout of the stars and star-makers, and he knew it would be the right showcase for Rita. But even *he* wasn't quite prepared for the sensational good luck they were to have.

Seated at a ringside table when Rita walked in with Ed was Howard Hawks, the producer. He stared at her unashamedly

and toward the end of the evening, came to their table and introduced himself. "You're a knockout," he told Rita. "I noticed you as you came in and I thought if I enjoy looking at you then the public will. I am looking for a girl to play a siren rôle in 'Only Angels Have Wings.' Won't you call to see me tomorrow morning about it and we'll arrange a screen-test?"

The campaign was working! Rita got the part, and it was the rôle of the sultry charmer in the picture that brought her to the attention of the public.

Now Eddie Judson was the husband of a Hollywood glamor girl. The dangerous part was this: he would have to work not only to effect the successive steps in the campaign to make his wife a star, but he would also have to preserve his own ego and personality in the face of his wife's accumulating success. But they never deviated from their plan.

Step No. 3 was to get Rita's name before the public so that fans would ask for her. Such requests have a habit of getting to the attention of movie producers.

By this time, Ciro's had replaced the Troc as Hollywood's showcase. Here, nightly, photographers fell over each other to snap pictures for all types of publications. Once a week, Rita and Ed went to Ciro's. Invariably, when Rita entered, heads turned to stare. No other woman in the room was dressed with the chic and the dash of la Hayworth. All of her gowns were designed to accentuate her womanly charms. Rita never appeared more than twice in the same gown, and every time she entered the photographers woke up with a start and scrambled to her table to shoot her.

The photographers and reporters are crazy about Rita and would do anything in the world for her. Why not? No matter how busy she is, she never turns down their request for pictures. When she appears in public, she is dressed the way the public likes to fancy a Hollywood movie star is dressed, and her pictures are easy to sell to editors. Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Margaret Sullavan may appear in dungarees and polo coat and scowl at the camera boys as though they were boogey men, but not Rita. She gives them their money's worth, and they have rewarded her by making her the most widely photographed actress in Hollywood.

This, of course, is showmanship par excellence and Rita is just following their plan. Ed knows the importance of the press and he always tells Rita, "Be nice to them. Cooperate, and they'll be a great help to you."



This is "step no. 2" in the Ed Judson campaign to make his beauteous wife famous: Being seen in the right places by the right people. Rita Hayworth and her most unselfish spouse dining at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. Hollywood husbands would do well to note Mr. Judson's philosophy.

Len Weissman

The press boys like Eddie too. He is hearty and jovial, invites them to the house and is a regular guy with them. When Rita is so busy in pictures that she has no time to pose for photos they arrange for her to devote her free Sunday to the chore. He does everything he can to make things as easy as possible. As a result, these Sunday sessions are well-organized and run smoothly and quickly. Everyone gets what he wants—the boys get their pictures and Rita gets pages and pages of publicity. Ed, of course, has his own work which keeps him busy during the week, but no matter how strenuous his own job is, he always finds the time to devote to Rita's progress.

He realizes the importance of eye-catching gowns for his wife and it was his idea that practically all of Rita's salary go into

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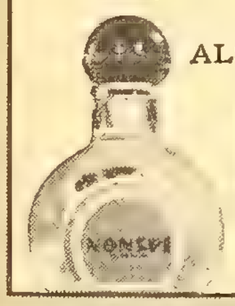
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a glamorous wardrobe while he foots the expenses of home and incidentals. That, you must admit, is a generous husbandly gesture.

It was Ed who put Rita wise to the trick that her gowns should be selected for their photogenic value. Eddie says, "A gown that looks well in the flesh but doesn't photograph well is not much use to Rita's career. All of Rita's gowns are the kind that will look well in the rotogravure!"

Being married to a movie actress is no cinch for the man. Ed's work is done at five, and being a normal, fun-loving sort of guy he likes to go out in the evening. But when Rita is working—and that seems to be all the time these days!—her alarm is set for 6:00 a.m. That means she goes to bed early. This hampers Eddie's social activities, but he doesn't mind. He rounds up some of the boys for a poker session or an evening at the fights.

When they do go out, however, Eddie still insists that they dress up—and he abhors donning his "soup and fish" so you can imagine what a sacrifice it is—and go to the Right Places, be it Ciro's, a theater opening, or some smart event that draws the crowds. Rita doesn't buy a gown without consulting him and his advice is so sound that photographers still rush to her side to click away at her.

They enjoy going out because both Rita and Ed love to dance, but on the other hand, Ed doesn't think it is a good idea to overdo it, so they limit their "public appearances."

"If Rita made Ciro's a nightly hangout," Ed explains, "she'd become as taken for granted as the silverware. Rita must maintain her exclusiveness."

Does that technique still work? And how! When Ann Sheridan walked out on Warner Brothers during her strike for more money, there was a vacancy left in "Strawberry Blonde." It was a solidly glamorous rôle and one that many a star would have given her best pair of eyelashes to get. Raoul Walsh, the director, happened to see Rita in one of her Venus de Milo gowns at Ciro's, and gasped, "There's our 'Strawberry Blonde.'" She was tested and hired on the strength of it.

Which reminds us, too, that while Ann Sheridan and other film stars may go on strike because they feel that they are underpaid, Mr. Eddie Judson will see to it that his wife never does anything like that. Although Rita has had her pay almost doubled in one year, it still is a small salary, judged by Hollywood standards. A well-meaning friend pooh-poohed Rita's salary, said she was worth much more considering her tremendous box office appeal and suggested that she walk out in a demand for more money.

Eddie angrily put his foot down. "Listen," he said, "I've been a businessman a long time; long enough to know that there isn't a man who is bigger than his industry. No one person is responsible for the success of an undertaking, and there isn't a soul who cannot be replaced. I don't care what the other stars are earning. Rita makes more than enough to live on very well. We're not squawking and she's not going to walk out on an industry that has been very good to her. Her boss, Harry Cohn, has been very kind to her and it would be sheer ingratitude to be anything but appreciative."

Yet in spite of the integral rôle Eddie plays in Rita's career, he never visits her on the set, has never been an "interfering" husband, stays suave and smiling in the background. His is a silent rôle whose importance is realized only by Rita. Gene Markey, a good friend, happens to know the vital interest and good judgment that



Eddie Albert gives Ida Lupino a professior kiss in "The Gentle People." A delightful pr fession is this movie business. Good pay, tc

Ed manifests in her work. "Stick to th fellow and take his advice," he once tc Rita. She does.

Rita, for instance, would like to swit from sirens to "nice girls." Would like leave the flash and sex and do the sort timid rôle she did in "The Lady in Que tion," in which she walked through t picture bedraggled and lifeless. Ed wants her to establish herself as a sire first. "That's the sort of rôle that's talk about. Play as many of these lush parts possible, and when you're established y can play the other kind of rôles."

Rita was offered the feminine lead George Raft's latest picture but she a Ed talked it over and decided against because she would have only two chang of costume in it. When Marlene Dietri later accepted the rôle, friends thought th this time Eddie was crazy. But he wasn Rita went into "Blood and Sand" instea and plucked for herself one of the mc spectacularly glamorous parts in moti picture history. It made Nita Naldi fifte years ago. It will probably make Rita t most talked-about girl in films.

In "Blood and Sand" Rita has wardrobe which costs over $50,000. H gowns are so tight she can hardly sit them! The studio borrowed a quarter of million dollars worth of jewels to dra on her, and the sets which serve as bac ground for her cost the studio $75,00 In one scene, she and Tyrone Power ena what will probably stand out as being t spine-tingling scene of the year. Ty knee at her feet, and Rita pulls him up slow by the hair until his lips meet her *Zowie!* (See June SCREENLAND roto for picture of this scene.)

The love scene with Tyrone Power w so hot, in fact, that the set was ordere closed that day. This is the sort of thi that drives many a Hollywood husba batty—wondering what goes on in h wife's mind while she is receiving t kisses of some other man, even if they a for the benefit of a movie camera.

But this Hollywood husband is differen The evening before the scene was to shot, Eddie rehearsed it with Rita to he her get it right. "Now honey," he sai "when Ty's lips meet yours, give th kiss all you've got. Do it good. Kiss hi as though you mean it. But, remembe think of me!"

Rita says she did. No wonder. A hu band like that is worth thinking of!

Feedbox Dope on Gene Autry

Continued from page 58

ide your way from a small town, to international screen and radio fame, with nothing more than a hoss and a *gee*tar. And, having arrived there, to stay there, with just as much ease as cantering over the prairie in the moonlight. So my quest for "feedbox" dope on this singing cowboy led me first to the director of most of his pictures, Frank MacDonald, then to his writer, Betty Burbridge, and then to his horse, Champ. And, of course, to Gene himself.

After dismissing the one common crack that they all made, including the horse, who talks from the side of his mouth, like this), "He's so simple and natural," we believe we got some angles that should be of interest:

We'll take it for granted you all know what a director is, although we'll admit that up until fairly recently, directors were a very vague quantity to us. Let's just call them the Pygmalions of the piece, for to a certain extent they create the image we see on the screen; they endeavor to bring out the good qualities, and subdue the unpleasant ones, if any. So you can see a director should certainly know his star, and Frank MacDonald happens to be in the enviable position of directing the majority of Gene's pictures. We say enviable, for we could mention some stars whose directors would make very bad bets for Lloyds of London, when it came to insurance. Stars of the temperament, you know.

Frank himself is a simple, unassuming chap, an Eastern stage director originally. He also has a soft voice, like Gene's, and when they're shooting in their quiet workmanlike manner, it is difficult to realize that another Autry opry is under way. It's more like a couple of friends taking some home movies for fun. Which is just what the finished product is, come to think of it. With a slight difference in the money department, of course.

Some of Frank's views on Gene give a good picture: "I think the thing that impresses me most about Gene Autry is his consideration of his fellow workers. This, coupled with his amazing understanding of the other fellow's problem, is one of the main secrets of his success, in my opinion. I've noticed, although he never raises his voice, he somehow manages never to do a thing he doesn't wish to. And he never, never forgets to smile when he's refusing. His sense of humor and keen wit make working with him unusually pleasant. He never gets a laugh at another's expense, however. From my personal technical viewpoint, I find him very co-operative. For instance, he is more than averagely interested in the story of the picture he's doing, or is to do, and listens very carefully to see that nothing creeps into the dialogue or situations which might in any way be on the 'offside' as far as the great audience of children is concerned. He insists upon a policy of keeping the stories clean and wholesome, and always up to date—we call them streamlined Westerns, and we try to make the Autry pictures as features, instead of just another Western.'

"Gene is a good businessman, and has a very comprehensive grasp on this end of his pictures. He sees the daily rushes at the end of the day, which is very gratifying to a director, as when the actors are interested in the picture and their work a much better picture results. An indication of his kindly consideration comes to my mind: In 'Gaucho Serenade,' while riding alongside of a train which was going some thirty miles an hour, on his horse, Champ, he made the transfer from horse to train himself, despite the fact that he wasn't supposed to do so, as a stunt man was there, being paid to follow his ride and make the transfer. Gene explained, 'He was there and thought he might as well.' He really got a kick out of it, but we don't like the stars to do their own stunts, due to the hazards and possibility of injury.

"Then, on the other hand, when some of the girls on 'Carolina Moon' had to do some raring horse stunts, Gene worried and fretted until the scene was over, for fear one of them would get hurt.

"Socially, Gene's no slouch, either," says Frank. They both belong to the famous Lakeside Golf Club, where Gene plays golf whenever he has a moment off. "He's quite an after-dinner speaker, comparing very favorably with Will Rogers, in my opinion. His speech at Smiley Burnette's dinner, inaugurating Smiley for Mayor of Studio City, was a well delivered and humorous talk." (Gene himself is Mayor of all North Hollywood.)

Right about here we were joined by a comely red-headed lass who was not Ann Sheridan, but the girl that put the 'oomph' into hoss operas—Betty Burbridge. Knowing that Betty entered the killer-diller writing ranks via the Household Hints Department on a New York paper, we felt we'd probably get a truly feminine, withal professional, viewpoint on Gene. And we did:

"Naturally, in writing stories around Gene, I must consider all ages and sexes, and treat the romantic angle very lightly. Once in a while, we hint at a clinch in the final fadeout, but it never quite comes off. I'd say his chief charm was that little-boy quality—and the way his eyes never leave the face of the person to whom he's speaking. Then, too, I think his love of color in his riding clothes is another indication of this boyishness. He loves gay colors, so he wears 'em.

"Recently, on a personal appearance tour, he bought three new suits, but developed a passion for a pearl gray number. So he wore it for a solid week, between rush trips to the cleaners." (The suit, not Gene.)

Gene's costume the day we had lunch with him was on the mild side. A creamy beige, with touches of blue trimming and a kerchief of printed blue. The blue was the exact color of his eyes, and of course the whole costume was marvellously tailored, further accenting his lithe, youthful lines. That's the first thing one notices about him—his extremely youthful appearance. That, and his radiation of perfect health. It makes one realize how few people we meet nowadays who seem really, genuinely healthy. And also, Gene knows how to control this healthful energy and make it work for him. Which brings us to what we consider the most interesting discovery we made on Autry.

In our opinion, the chief reason for his success is PACING. The steady giving-out of this controlled energy. Many people have that vital energy which could and should bring success, but they dissipate it by using it in uneven hunks, and needlessly, on trivial things. Not Gene. During

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two hours and a half of intensive talking, with all sorts of distractions (we were lunching at Eaton's Rancho, near Republic Studios, and naturally Gene was hailed from all sides), Gene didn't make one fussy, unnecessary gesture with the silver, or those countless futile gestures which so many of us make. And at the end of the interview his energy was hitting as quietly and evenly as when we started.

When we ventured our great discovery regarding the Autry pacing to Frank MacDonald, his reaction was very satisfactory. He agreed heartily, with "That's the most penetrating thing I've heard said about him, and it's very true; he's always the same, calm and controlled. You've got something there."

Gene may be a simple boy, as we've hinted, but his manners and mannerisms are truly polished and sophisticated, for from the very moment you meet him you're old friends. His handshake in greeting is to be envied by a politician. Firm, yet restrained, accompanied by a direct blue gaze. Man, it gets you!

His taste in food is also a delightful mixture of simplicity and sophistication: Scrambled eggs with chicken livers, buttered toast, and iced tea. He gave strict instructions on the chicken livers, too. "Not all chopped up. Lots of 'em and where I can see 'em."

With the utmost sincerity, Gene started to talk about himself, and his favorite story is most symbolical, we think: "I was to be interviewed this time in England. The interview was to be at ten in the morning, and I'd been working until four the previous night. So when the press boys arrived, I wasn't awake. Rather than keep them waiting, I slipped on an old robe and went in. They seemed pleased, and wrote nice things about my bare feet and uncombed hair. So, naturally, I was pleased, too."

Then, apparently feeling that he was talking too much about himself, he was happy to join in a general discussion anent personality versus handsomeness, as an aid to a screen career. There happened to be several former leading men in the room at the time. They were of the perfect-profile-rugged-masculinity school, and they all looked alike somehow. No spark that stands out from the crowd stuff.

"Now, in my opinion," Gene said, "Fred Astaire has it, Myrna Loy has it, Bill Powell, and Jean Arthur. You can believe



Gene Autry's nicest leading lady away f the cameras—his lovely wife Ina, a pic of femininity plus. Going places, cowb Gene wears these colorful cowboy costu exclusively. Looks right attractive in

they're real, too. They're your neighbo After a moment, he added: "I think M Lee has it, too. She's in my pictures n you know. I saw her with Ted Wee band in New York. I hope the fans approve of my choice as a talent scout.

And before we forget it, that "Kee Simple" routine is an asset even in present chaotic European crisis. For Ge pictures are only shown at the sn neighborhood theaters (says he doesn't big cities), and these are the only hou now allowed to remain open.

Another thing we never knew till about Gene is that he wrote that song his, *Back In The Saddle Again.* In laboration. And he gets a real pleased l when he talks about it. And he feels "ri at home" before a mike, because th where he got his start. But, then, really at home everywhere, for he is tr a citizen of the world, as his personal pearances have proven.

All this time, Champ, the horse,



Even a big fellow like Gene Autry can't quite reach the gigantic pair of horns which decorate his sporty office. They are Texas long-horn cattle, now almost extinct, we're told



Wherever Gene goes he is handed the key to the city. His office is filled with souvenirs given by admirers the world over. Gene's main appeal to his vast audience is his simplicity and sincerity.

ting by politely listening to all this chit-at, delicately suppressing a yawn now d then with a well manicured hoof. But w he cleared his throat as a signal that darned well intended to get into this ef. And why not? Twelve years before e cameras and many a stolen scene give horse some rights, doesn't it? And at st he should have an opportunity to tell out the time he went on for Gene, to lp him out of a spot. So, tossing his ne coyly, and opening his eyes wide like , boss's, he proceeded to give out: "I'll ip lightly over my trailer-home. En-ely too much fuss has been made over luxurious appointments. Why shouldn't be chi-chi?" (The slightest suggestion a snort here.)

"I honestly think my big moment came at time when someone had an injunction something against Gene, and he was fully worried because he couldn't go on. e hated to disappoint all those kids out ere. So we stood in the wings thinking it over, and Gene was stroking me and sort of talking to me, like he does. He even absent-mindedly offered me a piece of chewing gum, out of habit, I remember. It occurred to me that I knew the routine well enough to go out there alone, but naturally such a suggestion coming from me seemed tactless, so I just held the thought and nuzzled Gene a little, and tossed my head toward the stage meaningly. Of course he knew what I meant, so, sure enough, I just pranced out there and mowed 'em down. I went on alone three times that day. I wasn't selfish, though; I let Gene join me in the lobby afterwards in case anyone wanted to see him."

Pausing a moment, but not long enough for anyone to interrupt, Champ went on: "I really must trot off now. You see, we have a new ranch and Gene's going to raise a lot of those silly colts who bump into everything, so I have a lot to do." Then, sitting down a moment on the edge of his chair, he concluded: "Oh, yes, I have to ring bells this afternoon, too." Looking around the table with those velvet brown eyes, he took full advantage of the effect of his announcement before he explained. "Did you happen to catch our bell-ringing routine at the Madison Square Rodeo? You didn't?" he whinnied, indignantly. "Well, it goes like this. You'll just have to imagine the music *"God Bless America."* So saying, he reared to his hind legs, placing the two front ones daintily on the table, his neck arched proudly, and his mane seeming to wave triumphantly. "Now you'll have to imagine that I have tiny rings of sleighbells on both my front legs, and Gene also has bells in his hands."

With great dignity, Champ extended first one leg, then the other, holding them poised beautifully for a moment before shaking the imaginary bells. He'd then wait with perfect timing for Gene to pick up his note, then continue. He was so perfect, you could actually hear the music, and without the excitement of the audience and band, we were thrilled. Quite content with the effect of his act, Champ rose to his heroic height with a definite air, and picked his way daintily through the tables, but paused long enough to look back a moment. Then he closed one eye in a slow wink, and, without moving his lips, murmured: "Remember, tell 'em to Keep It Simple!"



Gene Autry, the most beloved cowboy character on the screen, receives a huge amount of fan mail and autograph requests. Here he greets his secretary Dorothy Phillips.



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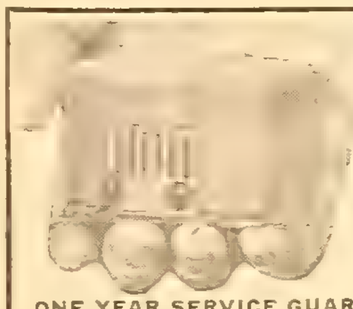
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Success Hasn't Spoiled Him

Continued from page 34

the sort of good time any normal boy his age would.

"I don't care about dancing," Holden said. "In fact, I can't even dance. Oh, I can struggle through a few steps if I have to- but my efforts could hardly be called 'dancing' and it's certainly no pleasure for the girl I'm with. I don't care about night clubs because I don't drink a lot and going to them seems to me to be a useless waste of time and money. I don't go to many parties, partly because they bore me and partly because I'm not asked to many. I read as much as I can—"

"What?" I interrupted. "What sort of stuff do you read?"

Bill's eyes twinkled. "What would you *like* me to read, for purposes of this interview?"

"You're catching on," I encouraged him. "But just tell me what you really read. Whatever it is is OK with me. If you don't read at all, that's OK, too."

"Thanks," said Bill. "Well, just now I'm reading 'Out of the Night.' I've just finished 'Moment in Peking,' and before that, 'The Family,' and before that 'For Whom the Bells Toll.'"

"Didn't you want to play 'For Whom, Etc.'?" I broke in.

"Nope! All the while I was reading the book there was only one man I could see in that part and that was Gary Cooper."

That was a Grade A shock. Bill is the first actor I've ever met in eleven years of Hollywood who couldn't see himself in the lead of any successful book or novel.

"Getting back to my habits, in which you seem so interested," Bill laughed, "Ardis (that's Brenda Marshall) and I like to do the same things. We ride horseback a lot and most Sundays we go out to a rifle range and shoot. The only hobby I have is guns. I have about twelve. I've shot ever since I can remember. When I was a kid I always had a BB gun and, as soon as I was old enough, a .22 rifle."

"Speaking of Brenda," I interrupted, "what about this romance business?"

Bill blushed. "We like each other a lot," he confessed. "I suppose it even goes deeper than that. But neither of us wants to g married. Anyhow, not now. We're bo just getting a good start and we want wait and see how things turn out for us

"You mean you won't get married for year, maybe?" I ejaculated incredulous

"Oh, heck, no," he exclaimed. "If we marry it will probably be a lot longer th that. We're having a swell time the w things are and we don't either of us see a reason for changing it."

When I had recovered from, and gested, this astonishing bit of news I sai "How did you feel when you first start dating Brenda—"

"Say," Bill interposed, "would you mi calling her 'Ardis'? That's her real na and I like it a lot better. I don't kn what the studio could have been thinki of to change a swell name like that to commonplace name like Brenda."

"Alright," I agreed, "when you fi started dating *Ardis* how did you feel wh you'd pick up a paper or magazine a read all about your marriage plans?"

He grinned. "At first it made me se conscious and I also used to see red. call up columnists and the publicity d partments—hers and mine both—and t them all what I thought of them for pri ing stuff like that when it hadn't even basis of truth. But all you can get out arguing with either the press or public departments is the worst of it. So now just ignore it and go our way. And have the satisfaction of knowing that, least, we're always a jump or two ahe of them because if we go anywhere or anything it's ancient history—over a done with as far as we are concerned before they can find out about it and pr it. I'd hate like the deuce to ever start to get married and have the papers print before it happened!"

"Tell me something else," I urged. "W is it that as soon as an actor or actr begins to get ahead they always mo away from home?"

"I can't answer for anyone but mysel he replied slowly. "In my own case, I crazy about my family but I felt if I w



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Seeing double is a pleasure in this instance. It's the Rodik twins, Verna and Verda, appearing in new film, "The Return of Daniel Boone." A towel protects them from splinters.

ver to develop any self-reliance or poise ought to get away from them and depend upon myself. Another thing, they live Pasadena and that's too far to drive ce a day.

I don't live any differently now than did then," he continued. "At first another fellow and I had a seven room house Beverly. We paid $150 a month for it, nd the maid's salary, light, water, gas and undry on top of that made it quite an em. I was gone three months on location ith 'Arizona' but the house cost me about 125 a month just the same. When I got ack I said, 'I've had enough. I'm going to ve by myself.' So I got a little three room partment in the Valley for $50 a month, rnished it the way I want and I'm having swell time living there alone. I have a itchen stove but about all I know how to ook is a steak and a can of peas. Once in while my coffee turns out alright." He hook his head sadly. "It's a pity, too, beause there is no one who loves good food nore than I. Now, if I were like Bob reston I could really go to town. There's boy who *is* a cook."

"Do you keep a maid or a boy?" I pried.

Bill grinned again. "Now, wouldn't that be ridiculous in a three room apartment? I do my own housework and every once in awhile I have some regular housecleaners come in and give the joint a thorough going over. At first it was fun but lately that bed-making business is getting to be something of a chore every morning.

"I don't spend much more for amusements than I did when I lived at home. About the only difference is that now if I want a new car I can go out and buy one instead of having to go into a huddle with the old man and say, 'Do you think something could be worked out?' And if I have a date I don't have to go to him and say, 'I have a heavy date tonight. Could I have a fin?' I don't spend any more for clothes than I did when I was living at home because I don't give a hang about them."

"Would you like some airplane cloth for a shirt?" I baited him. "I have some you're welcome to."

"Thanks," said Bill, "but I don't have my shirts made. That's too actorish, unless you're an odd size and can't get a fit."

"Incidentally," I broke in, skipping lightly from one subject to another in a

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leaping-Lena fashion, "how did you get *your* name?"

"Studio," he retorted briefly. "My real name is William Beedle, which, you'll agree, is no name at all for an actor. Did you ever see a 'Beedle' in lights? The studio suggested some high-sounding monickers like William Randolph and William Stuyvescant and, for once, I put up a squawk. I didn't want to go through the rest of my life with a handle like that. So then one of the fellows in the publicity department remembered he had a friend downtown who was assistant editor or something on one of the big papers and whose name was Holden. So I guess I'm named after him."

"And now you're his god-son protegè."

Bill looked surprised. "Am I?" he queried. "I've never met the man. Say," he burst out once more, "God knows I owe a lot to every director I've ever worked with and don't think I'm not grateful to them. But I wish you could say something about Mitch Leisen who directed me in 'I Wanted Wings.' I don't know *what* he did or how he did it but that was the first time I've ever gone into every scene in a picture understanding beforehand exactly how it should be played."

"You spoke of Bob Preston a moment ago," I changed the subject once more. "I know you and he are great friends but not long ago Stirling Hayden was also blowing his top about what a pal you've been to him. How did you and he get acquainted?"

"I don't know if you'll understand," Bill said, "but when you first come on a lot, before people know whether you're going to amount to anything or not, no one pays any attention to you. I was here six weeks before I went into 'Golden Boy.' I wanted to get acquainted but it seemed as though no one else on the lot did. I wanted to learn so I used to go on sets until assistant directors were ready to have me thrown in the jug to keep me out of their hair. When Stirling first came out here he didn't know anyone and I saw him wandering around with a kind of lost look on his kisser. So I went up and introduced myself and said, 'I know how you feel' and that started it."

Success hasn't spoiled him. "Why should it?" he demands. "There is only a hair-line that divides success and failure in Hollywood. The people I've worked with have contributed as much to any success I may have achieved as I have. Without their help I wouldn't be here." He paused a moment, scratched his head and chuckled. "I don't know if I should tell this but it's funny. In 'Arizona' I guess I wasn't important, or something, because I was the only principal in the cast who hadn't a dressing room. We were on location at Tucson in a city we'd built for the picture. In one scene I had to change my pants so I stepped into Wesley Ruggles' office. The wardrobe boy took my pants and ran down the street with them to the wardrobe department to get the others. While I was waiting for him to come back, Wes and Claude Binyon (who wrote the story) came in and Wes said, 'Bill, do you mind stepping outside for a little while? Claude and I have something to discuss.' I said, 'Not at all,' and I just stepped outside in my shorts. There were about a thousand Mexicans standing around and you should have seen their eyes popping out. But, anyhow, I got a dressing room after that!"

Of course, I'm just getting well started on the subject of William Holden (the aforementioned incidents being only a few illustrations of "why") but, after all, an entire magazine can't be devoted to one player. I can only add in closing, in case you haven't already surmised, that he is even more likable off-screen than on. The kid is absolutely amazing.



Ah me! It's young love! Jackie Cooper appears stymied as to how best surmount the wordless barrier that sits between him and dreamy-eyed Jane Withers. There's a technique, Jackie, but that only comes with age. It's "Her First Beau," a Columbia film treat.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, salt and pepper.

SWEET POTATOES AND MARSHMALLOWS

3 cups freshly boiled sweet potatoes mashed, ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup chopped pecans, add raisins if desired or any other combination of nuts and raisins or either alone. Place whole marshmallows on top and bake.

"Once we served a most successful fruit cocktail with this dinner. We had fresh pineapple, oranges, apples and bananas, all cut up, and we added red hots—those tiny red candies with a hot flavor—set the whole thing in the refrigerator for an hour, during which some of the red hots melted down into the fruit, and when we took it out and removed the remains of the candy, it left a superbly different taste."

Brenda's kitchen is an up-to-the-minute, tiled and shining place. Never having been in one before she entered it as a bride, she finds it a fascinating spot, and is beginning to find out about cooking first-hand.

"I'm improving slowly," she boasted. "I now understand such terms as 'simmer,' 'fold in,' and so on. But Owen has more jokes on me! Once I made a *chocolate bombe*. I think I was supposed to use bitter chocolate, or at any rate unsweetened chocolate, but I didn't know that, so I put in milk chocolate and it was something terrible. But we ate it!

"I'm a little nervous yet about entertaining when Owen isn't on hand to help me out, but I did try a luncheon for two of the girls at the university last week. It was a success. Anyway, nobody starved. This was my menu:

MENU

Jellied Ham Loaf
Green beans with olive oil
Corn Zephyrs
Green Salad
Rhubarb
Tea

The ham loaf was made by Brenda's cook, but she prepared the rest herself.

CORN ZEPHYRS

(This makes eleven 7x1 inch corn sticks.)
1 cup white cornmeal
1 tablespoon Crisco
Scald by pouring over them
4 cups boiling water
Add 1 teaspoon salt

Cook cornmeal in double boiler for thi minutes. Stir frequently. Cool. Whip 4 e whites and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Fold ligh into cornmeal mixture. Bake in shallow pa at 350 degrees for ½ hour. Grease pans a preheat them.

"The beans are cooked in the usual w but before serving you pour in a few dr of olive oil for each serving," advi Brenda.

"I adore rhubarb. When I serve it, I it up in dice, leaving the skin on, unless skin is very tough. Then I cook it w hardly any water, but with enough su to sweeten. I cook it slowly, not boilin but letting it simmer. The sugar sinks i the dice but the pieces keep their sh fairly well. If you like, you can put a of whipped cream on top. But I don't."

When the Wards' friends drop in night, Owen has a game that has ta everyone's fancy. He has a small pistol t shoots beebee shot; with this, he has a pri ing outfit that prints targets on paper. places a paper target over an open box, that the beebees will fall inside the box a not all over Brenda's rugs and curtains, a guests try their skill.

"I'm pretty good at a rifle, with all practice I get," confessed the young actr "but so far I haven't learned to handle pistol so well. Owen thinks we should learn to use pistols so that we can pro ourselves whatever happens, and he n have the right idea. At any rate, it's re a fascinating game."

For hot weather, according to Bre there's nothing to take the place of s hot or jellied. "There's a soup that jell your refrigerator, did you know? It's nice for summer. *Campbell's Consom Madrilene*—beef and tomato broth—is of this kind of soup and it makes a gr luncheon dish on a warm day. Anot delicious dish is made with a can of Ca bell's tomato soup and one of Campb pea soup, mixed together and served hot.

"Did you ever try melba toast in densed tomato soup? You cut your br quite thick, butter it and put it in a pa your oven and bake it until it's crisp. T put the bread in your soup-plate and p the hot soup over it. You can cut your br in strips, if you prefer."

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